

**THE AUBURN CIRCLE
SPRING 2004
VOL. 30
NO. 2**

We open every morning at 7am!

Coffee

Warm Cinnamon Rolls

Fresh Hot Bagels & Muffins

Petit Fours' & Biscotti

Cheesecake, Pies & Yummy Cookies

Birthday, Wedding & Graduation Cakes!

Premium line of coffee & tea beverages!

Plus much more!

Taylor's

Bakery & Coffee Shop

132 North College Street



502-1112

A Great Place to Study!

Meet friends!

Wake up...

with the best espresso in town!

J & M
BOOKSTORE, INC.
JOHNSTON AND MALONE
50TH ANNIVERSARY
AN AUBURN TRADITION
115 N. COLLEGE STREET/
1100 S. COLLEGE STREET
AUBURN, AL 36830
PHONE 334-887-7007

JOHNSTON & MALONE
BOOKSTORE, INC.
J & M, more than just a bookstore, a tiger of a bookstore



the **Auburn Circle**
Spotlight Your Work

Monday through Wednesday
5pm 'til Close
\$1 Domestic
Bottles



AMERICA'S BIGGEST BURGERS!

Classic Burgers

Fun Times

(334) 826-0845
11 AM 'til
160 N. College Street

Contents

Fiction

Special Feature:

To Auburn, With Thanks.....Keri Smith, 10

Sunlight.....Cayce Van Horn, 12

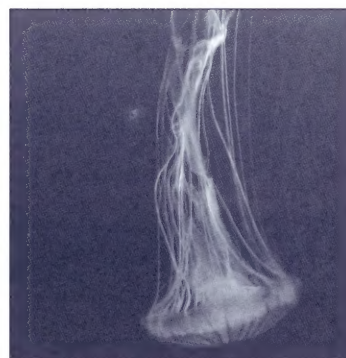
Nothing You Can Know.....Katherine MacDonald, 18

Beast.....Jennifer Shaw, 36

4 Episodes from a Relationship.....Lindsey Carmichael, 44

A Landscape.....Jennifer Shaw, 55

Monday Night Fondu.....Trey Lyles, 60



Art & Photography



Dana Jaffe 8, 47

Scott Pixler 9

Patrick Giles 11, 30, 59

David Williams 2, 13, 20, 42, 43, 52, 53

Jessica Eastman 15, 39, 54, 57

Barbara Michael 6, 46

Lesley Hamilton 17, 40, 45

Simpson Purcell 18, 22, 23, 61

Joseph Gyengo 25

Lindsey Carmichael..... 26-27, 28, 37

Jane Daugherty 29

Blake Gordon 31, 35, 38, 63

David Broussard 36

Jonathan Riordan 48

Megan Evancho 49

Non-Fiction

Words of Wisdom.....Joshua Lopez, 24
Theatrical Renaissance.....Chris Edwards, 52

New Feature:

School of Rock.....Hajari, Jones, and Leach, 32



Design



Architecture Projects:

Asher, Bassett, Bullard,
Caldwell, Fante, Hamner,
Mairesse, Pinson, Price.....42

Untitled.....Mark Peterson, 50

Poetry

Direction.....Nick Boone, 8
abbreviated geographic.....John F. Marsella, 9
Cat's Breath Elder.....Cecile Gray, 16
Poets.....Kia Powell, 17
Widowed.....Brian Woodham, 23
Untitled.....Sarah Liechty, 25
Sparkling Sky.....T.S. Ballew, 28
February 14, New Orleans.....Jane Daugherty, 29
Hiding Discoveries.....Jonathan Riordan, 30
Darkness Devours.....Mallory Rowe, 31
Black Issues.....Tiwanne C. Blakley, 34
Stuck On the Interstate.....Bobby Dickson, 40
Solitude.....Suzanne Previte, 41
Shattered Glass.....Christa Jennings, 47
Wings.....Jane Daugherty, 48
A Warm Easter Rain.....Cecile Gray, 54
Time.....Charles Joseph, 58
Two Hearts Pounding.....Jonathan Riordan, 59
In Memoriam: Clyde.....John F. Marsella, 62



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**KIA POWELL****GRAPHIC DESIGN****KIA POWELL****BUSINESS MANAGER****EMILY CANGIE****NON-FICTION EDITOR****LINDSEY CARMICHAEL****NON-FICTION STAFF****ADAM HAJARI****KANFINAE JONES****MATT LEACH****JOSHUA LOPEZ****FICTION EDITOR****JULIE ZORN****FICTION STAFF****CHRIS EDWARDS****MAYNARD GARRETT****JULIE HINZ****POETRY EDITOR****REBEKAH CALDWELL****ASSISTANT POETRY EDITOR****JENNIFER WILSON****POETRY STAFF****EMILY MCCANN****BRIAN WOODHAM****ART/PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS****KIA POWELL****DAVID WILLIAMS****ART/PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF****ALLISON PRICE****PUBLICITY****ALLISON PRICE****Submissions**

Submissions featured in *The Auburn Circle* are accepted from students, alumni, faculty, and staff of Auburn University. Submissions include fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, and design. Editors review all submissions to select articles and artwork of appropriate size and content for printing. Reasonable care is taken to present the article or artwork in the form it was intended. Editors proof all submissions for accuracy before they are printed. Photos and artwork are chosen and placed with an article based on theme and design style at the discretion of the editors.

Auburn University is not responsible for determining the original authorship or ownership of any submission. Persons presenting submissions for the publication must sign a form stating that the work submitted is their original work. Auburn University, its Board of Trustees, faculty, and staff are not responsible for any liability, including but not limited to, authorship, ownership, misprinting, etc., of any submission published in *The Auburn Circle*.

The opinions of the authors and artists published in this magazine are not meant to represent Auburn University, *The Auburn Circle*, or our advertisers in any way.

Editor's Address

Rollercoaster. That's definitely the word that sums up this year for me. But I have to say, working on the *Circle* has definitely kept me on the up. It's difficult to explain how rewarding this job is. The staff has shown me what real teamwork looks like, despite some of the struggles that we have faced—meeting deadlines, wading through some wonderful submissions, and dedicating ourselves to providing our readers with something they, too, could be proud of. I hope that we have achieved that goal. There aren't many places, in fact this is probably the only place, that I can see all of the many talents that Auburn has. And now, not only can you share your talents in art, poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and design with the rest of the student body, but starting with this issue, you can show everyone how you get down with music. This issue includes a pioneer project that the staff and I have been working on all year. Though the section is small now, we have great plans for getting your music out to Auburn. In the coming issues, we want you to submit sample cds, pictures and biographies of your band so that we can help you get recognized for your musical talent. Music is art, and the *Circle* wants to continue being a forum to display that art.

I want all of you to know that I am so proud of the work that you are doing. If you submit to the *Circle* now, please continue to do so. If you haven't yet, I encourage you to submit. There aren't many opportunities in life where you have a forum to publish your ideas, artwork, and other talents like the *Circle* does. Don't be afraid to share what you have to say. No one here will silence you or tell you that it's wrong. We want to see the amazing work that you are doing because it is the life of this campus. Please continue to share with us.

I would like to dedicate this issue to Frank Dillard who could only be with us in spirit this semester. While he taught me so much about graphic design, I could never pretend to be as talented as he is. I only hope I have done you justice with this issue, Frank. I want to thank the many people who supported me throughout this year: the wonderful people in Student Publications and Comm Board, who work so hard behind the scenes and rarely get recognized—Pete Pepinsky, Emily Helmer, Dr. Nancy McDaniel, and many more; my staff for their hard work and dedication to giving you a good magazine; to my students for always inspiring me; to my professors and colleagues for their support and encouragement; to all of the departments who encourage students to submit; and to my friends and family for believing in me. Thank you, most of all, to our contributors. I hope that the *Circle* can continue to make you proud of your work and proud of Auburn.



Kia Powell

Editor-in-Chief, 2003-2004

**TODAY, CLASS WILL BE HELD
O U T S I D E**



**AU STUDY ABROAD
ANYONE - ANYWHERE - ANYTIME
WWW.AUBURN.EDU/STUDYABROAD**

**WEEKLY INFORMATION SESSIONS - AFFORDABLE PROGRAMS - WORLDWIDE DESTINATIONS -
STARTING SUMMER AFTER FRESHMAN YEAR FOR ALL ACADEMIC PROGRAMS -
COME SEE US AT: 201 HARGIS HALL, AUBURN UNIVERSITY, AL 36849
PH: 334.844.5001 - FAX: 334.844.4983 - EMAIL INTLEDU@AUBURN.EDU**

WE'VE GOT A NEW LOOK
SUBMIT. APPLY. ENJOY.



THE
AUBURN CIRCLE

B-100 FOY STUDENT UNION
844.4122
ACIRCLE@AUBURN.EDU



Direction

Nick Boone

The door faces North.
I open it to a cold gust.
My lips chap.

The dog at my feet
pees before I can
attach the leash.

I would have led him
to the East around
the corner where he

could have dug at the roots
of the locust tree,
or barked at the neighbor,

or nobly stood wide
and strong, nose against
the wind, sniffing

all the possibilities
of January. But I
call him in,

hang the leash on the hook
for another dog,
another direction.

abbreviated geographic

John F. Marsella

slow rolling hills
& grey peaks
peering across the valley.

cheerleaders' lanky
arms, legs.

charmed cobras & serpentine belts.
fridgedoor fingerprintings.

virgin girls'
 & whores'
thumbprint whorls.

confused flight paths of porchlight
moths
& highway windshield splats.

wet-sidewalk earthworm
contortionists.

coiled &
kinked leftovers
on a slaughterhouse floor.

soldiers standing
gun-drawn
beside the slumping injured,
the crumpled dead.



Photos by Scott Pixler



Special Feature

To Auburn, With Thanks

Keri Smith

“It’s only four years of your life and it will fly by,” said my mother the day she left me with you. I sobbed as she and my father drove away and left us. They cried too, but still, they trusted you. They knew that you would embrace me and protect me; I was not as sure. You were intimidating with your brick-laid paths and your echoes of tradition. I was swallowed by your enormity. I sunk back and ignored your call. You beckoned me everyday at noon, playing your fight song from the bell tower, but I pretended not to hear it and did not hum along.

Then that day came. Sitting in class, you caught my eye and turned my head toward the window. There you were, covered with red, orange, and yellow leaves with squirrels running all around. You looked crisp, but warm, and you sounded of laughter and bells. When the hour was over I walked out to you and inhaled. I was renewed. As I walked across your bricks, I never felt more at home. People rushed past me, some sat nearby, and I strolled about, taking it all in.

I looked up at your sky and followed it down to the stadium walls. A rush of excitement came over me, and I giggled in spite of myself. I looked at all your friends, saw their smiles and felt camaraderie. Someone said, “War Eagle!” and I could not help but say the same. I heard the bells ring and I sang along and I felt the fall breeze rush over your plains. I immersed in you, like the others said would happen; I spent my years being loyal and thankful.

I cheered loudly and roller your corner. I opened my heart to all of your friends. I got involved to make you stronger and to leave my name upon your walls. I wore a smile to brighten your cold winters and your t-shirts to show my faithfulness.

And this week, I bought announcements with your name on them that I will mail out in three months.

My mother and I talked on the phone yesterday.

“Can you believe that four years has blown by so quickly?” she asked me.

“No, I can’t.”

Today I heard your bells ring at noon and cried.

I don’t want to leave you. You are all I really know. You are not just my school, you are my friend; you are my home.

My parents will come and get me when it is over. They will help me pack things. I will cry when I say goodbye to your paths of brick and friendship, but as many students of yours know, you will still be with me. I may have come here with nothing but tears, but I will leave with everything. Thank you, Auburn.



Painting by Patrick Giles

Sunlight

Cayce Van Horn



Photo by David Williams

I never noticed how much my mother looked like my grandmother until the spring my grandmother was dying. I got the phone call the Saturday after I got my acceptance letter to Vanderbilt—it was the April of my senior year in high school, and I couldn't wait to graduate and get out of Gray, Alabama, where you were only successful if your family had money and you were only pretty and popular if you were a cheerleader. I didn't fit into either of those categories—good thing I made high grades. My boyfriend Alex and I had made the 45 minute drive to Randall, the closest town with a decent shopping center, to shop and celebrate with dinner at Ruby Tuesday; Alex had gotten accepted to Vandy, too, on a baseball scholarship; we were planning on going together.

We were at Target, where we'd been looking at furniture for our dorm rooms, and I was standing in line to pay for a wrought iron lamp shaped like the Eiffel Tower when my cell phone rang. It was my mother,

and when I answered she said *Now, baby, I don't want to upset you, but something's wrong with Granny. . .*

Alex and I left the red shopping cart and the lamp at the front of the store, pushed up against an endcap display of Twizzlers, and drove back to Gray. We didn't say much as we made the trip back to town and then through town to the hospital; I stared out the window as we passed rows of dogwood trees on the side of the highway. They were just beginning to bloom.

My grandmother had her own room in the ICU ward of Howard Medical Center; she lay there on the white sheets surrounded by white walls with a tube in her nose and wires twisting out from the chest of her nightgown winding their way to these huge metal machines. Cancer. The sun was coming in through a wide window on one side of the room; the rose colored curtains were pushed open and I remember thinking it was nice to at least have sunlight in that blank, boxy room. But when I

walked over to look outside, the window was filled with a view of Lakewood Memorial Gardens, the oldest and largest cemetery in Gray. I stared at the dingy, crumbling monuments and noticed a green tent far off to the left in one of the newer sections. Before I left the room, I pulled the curtains closed.

I was seventeen that year but I was still one of *the children*, the grandchildren, so no one wanted to talk to me about what was happening. I didn't need anyone to tell me, anyway, I heard enough pieces of conversation to figure it out myself—*cancer came back . . . what? are you sure? hiding doctor's visits for months . . . but why? couldn't deal with the chemo again. . . who could? didn't want to go back to Birmingham. . . she could have beat it again . . . all those trips. . . remember how sick she was?* I knew it was bad when I asked about visiting hours and the nurse told me not to worry about that; anytime I wanted to come back I just needed to let them know at the desk. And the

adults were acting ridiculous, anyway, as if death were anything they could control. Should they let the younger children into the room? No, she wouldn't want. . . But they might never get over it if they don't see her. *Why don't you just ask the kids if they want to see her?* I wondered. *Nine and ten year olds can handle that kind of question.* I guess it wasn't that easy, or maybe they just needed something to argue about.

My mom stayed in my grandmother's room for the entire week, barely eating, only leaving to go home and take a shower. A week—that's how long the doctors said it would be until her organs failed and only machines would keep her alive. So my mother claimed her own place in an uncomfortable gray chair on my grandmother's right side; my great-grandmother sat to her left, and the rest of us wandered in and out of the room, spending most of our time in the waiting room down the hall. Between my grandmother's room and the waiting room there was a long hall, brightly lit and painted white except for a wide blue stripe down the middle that ran down the length of the corridor, parallel to the floor. At one end of the hall were the elevators, at the other end were huge metal double doors that opened into the ICU; the nurse's station was immediately inside the doors and to the left. One evening after eight I went into my grandmother's room and my mom had her head on the pillow next to my grandmother; she was singing something too low for

anyone else to hear and that's when I noticed that they had the same face—cheekbones, nose, forehead, and chin, but not eyes, my mom's eyes were pale blue and my grandmother's brown. Their faces were tired and natural . . . and so beautiful that I couldn't imagine how I had missed the connection for so long. A few months later, on one of our ritual late-night TV and coffee Fridays, my mother told me she had been singing *Que Sera Sera*.

There is a certain kind of bond you form with people you don't know in the ICU waiting room. I don't think we ever learned names, but we didn't need to; there was something stronger than surface acquaintance that locked us together—something even stronger than death, or fear of death. It was more that death wasn't some abstract thing anymore, it existed and we knew it without talking about it. We were just waiting for it to finish up so we could all go to churches and funerals and finally, home. Our friends at work and school were all *so sorry*, they *knew just how we felt*, but inside the waiting room we all really did know.

The room was large and full of soft black chairs, but the maroon walls and gray patterned carpet seemed to be pushing in on us, not really cramping us, just making us feel closer. So we sat there together, in that dark-colored room, and we entertained the children, took turns holding babies, and complimented each other's sweaters while we waited for death without saying so out loud. Every few hours someone would pick up a magazine from the stacks on one of the black coffee tables and flip through it without really looking. My boyfriend and I were working at the movie theatre that year, and every night he would bring big yellow bags of leftover popcorn, nearly two feet high and 12 inches around, and we would pass them around the waiting room like we were enjoying some week-long double-feature. It always amazed me how happy everyone was to grab a big handful of real movie-theatre popcorn—there we were, surrounded by pain and confusion and that sick plastic hospital smell, but we crunched down kernels and licked buttery salt from our fingers and told stories about the last time we had



Photo by David Williams

been at the movies or complained about how high the prices had gotten. Sometimes one of the nurses passing by would stop in and she would take a handful, too.

My family stayed in the waiting room for a week. Other families left and new families came but we all had the same feeling of knowing each other. Every now and then someone would get angry or upset and disrupt the safe, passive anxiety of the space, but those episodes passed quickly or were taken outside by my Uncle Ronnie, who was really my great uncle and who had seemed to take charge of everything. My cousin Hayley and I mostly watched everyone else; we stayed quiet, listened to every word and studied everyone in the room, including each other. I had always thought she was a horrible brat when we were younger; her older brother was my age and we had been best friends. She was always just his bratty, annoying younger sister who whined and cried and tattled and got us in trouble. But that year she was 14 and beautiful, and I was annoyed at how that made me want to be her friend. She didn't want a friend, though, and I didn't really know how to talk to her anyway, so I stayed close to my older brother and his wife. Sometimes my great grandmother would leave the hospital room to join us in the waiting area, but she, too, disturbed the silence of the place. She wanted to talk about death and dying, and we had all been so

careful not to. *Three little girls*, she said once. *I had three little girls and now I'm losing the third in a row to cancer.* She wasn't crying or anything, just talking and not even like she wanted to cry, but I wanted her to stop. *What the f**k did they eat growing up?* I muttered to myself, and was surprised when Alex said *DDT*. I was surprised that he even got the question. I told him to shut up and went to the bathroom.

It was Easter when the adults finally decided to turn off the machines. I stayed in my grandmother's room for the whole thing and wasn't sure why. I remember my mom asking me if I would be ok, and I could tell she wanted me there or maybe I just wanted her to want me there, so I stayed.

There were seven of us there: my mom and great grandmother in their places beside the bed, my mom's brothers and my Uncle Ronnie surrounding the bed as well, me and my brother over in the corner by the window. I hated that window, that view, but that Sunday I didn't want to shut out the sunlight. So I left the rose curtains open and stood with my back to the window and the graveyard and my side pressed against my brother who was sitting in one of those uncomfortable metal folding chairs with his arm around me. When the nurse turned off the life support, there was just this beeping and there were these numbers on the machine that kept falling, slowly at first and then

faster and faster. Were they *life* numbers? A measure of the breaths she had left? Heartbeats? I wasn't sure, but I knew the numbers were telling me that she was dying.

So there was all this beeping and numbers dropping faster and faster, 99, 98, 97, 72, 66. . . and my great-grandmother talking to God while the sun's on my back and this stupid cemetery behind me, my mother holding my grandmother's hand and looking just like her, my grandmother taking these awful rasping breaths with more and more time in between them, and I'm watching drops of water fall onto my brother's blond hair and sit still for a moment before soaking in, leaving small wet salty circles. It felt like an hour until my grandmother took one more horrible throaty breath and was still; another breath didn't come. My back felt warm as the nurse came in and quietly turned off the last machine.

I only kept two things when we cleaned out her house: a glass paperweight and a picture of my mother that was taken when she was eighteen. My grandmother had kept the paperweight on her desk when she worked at the downtown branch of First National Bank, before she got sick and had to retire. I remember going downtown with my mother once a week to have lunch with my grandmother when I was in kindergarten; class ended at noon then, and my mom would pick me up from school and we would go through the Krystal drive thru, get a bag of hamburgers and three



chocolate milkshakes, and take them to the bank. The paperweight was always in the same spot on her desk, and I loved looking at all of the bright yellow, red, and blue flowers inside. She always let me hold it, even when my mother told me not pick it up.

Alex found the picture of my mother in a closet. Our spring break started the week of the funeral, and after the service that Tuesday we stopped by my grandmother's house to help out with the sorting and cleaning for a few hours before we drove up to Nashville; we were going to stay in the city a couple of days and take a tour of the campus. *Hey,*

I've never seen this picture of you he had said, pulling a 10 x 14 frame from a stack of boxes, then *oh* a few seconds later, when he realized who it was. I looked at him, and then at the picture for a few minutes before I picked it up and took it outside. I had seen it before, a smaller version that my mom kept in a photo album, but I had never really looked at it, not the way I looked at it that Tuesday morning. My mom was so young in the picture, and looked so happy; it was strange to see her captured there, looking different than she had ever looked to me. I put the picture in Alex's car next to our packed bags, and instead of driving straight

to Tennessee, we stopped at my house so I could drop it off. I propped it up on the nightstand beside my bed, across the room from my dresser—I knew that when I woke up every morning I would sit up to see two sets of blue eyes in the mirror, and two faces made with the same small chiseled features that I had always hated until I discovered a familiar beauty there, laced through generations. After a last look at the picture I went into the kitchen to tell my mom goodbye for the second time that day.

Cat's Breath Elder

Cecile Gray

I smell Clorox and cotton
hot from the washer, not blood.
The laundry's hung,
and the room came spotless

except for smudges on a window,
some mink brown hairs in a web.
Warm and heavier than I'd thought,

the shroud (a nearly new towel)
lolloped from my hands, half filled
the hole. My tee shirt and jeans
carried bloody tattoos:

death is a scented color.
If the dog, your old enemy,
keeps out of the garden,

the clay will strip your bones
by spring and paint them.
Tonight a fat gardenia breeze
flaps over the lawn.



Photo by Barbara Michael

Poets

Kia Powell

As speakers of Truth,
the tellers
and interpreters
of our American stories,

poets seem lofty
and unattainable beings,
hiding in attic rooms
at desks
hunched over papers—
lines,
lyrics,
illuminations of nature
or politics.

Yet,
here in a cramped apartment
in a small town,
I find myself
avoiding CNN headline news
to listen
to the compressed-air nailguns
building more cramped apartments
outside my kitchen window,

and to the shuffling
of freshmen feet
on the concrete walk
outside the front door—
struggling against Monday
to get to Geography
or Composition.

It's been these two sounds
that my pen meets
the yellow legal pad
to scrawl down words
bits of sound
and inspiration—
writing lines
and lyrics
about my nature
and my politics.



Photo by Lesley Hamilton



Nothing You Can Know

Katherine MacDonald

The silence inside the car is interrupted only by the occasional growl of thunder, the sleet hitting the windshield, and the intermittent sighs coming from the passenger seat where my grandmother sits staring out the window at the wet Kentucky landscape, her hands clutching her purse, a rosary, and her embroidery bag. Until just an hour ago my Sunday afternoon plans consisted of taking a nap at my dad's house in Highland, Kentucky and watching a documentary about American folk artists that my sixteen year old brother Phil had recorded. Driving two hours each way to the town of Gretna to take Gran back to the Sunset Valley Nursing Home was not what I'd had in mind, especially since I have to leave Highland early tomorrow morning and drive across the state of Kentucky to make it back to Milbridge in time for my Advanced Drawing II class—which incidently I am failing. Dad would have driven Gran himself in his police car, but he had to be on duty at noon.

I focus on the road, trying to keep the my blue Mustang in-between the yellow lines, praying that we don't hit a frozen puddle and slide off the road into the ditch, or worse careen across the

median into the oncoming traffic. Earlier, Phil had suggested that he take my car and drive Gran back to the nursing home so that I could watch the tape he'd recorded and study for my art history test which is coming up at the end of this week. But I was annoyed with Phil for trying to tell me what to do.

Phil is the only one who knows that I'm failing Drawing II, and it bothers him more than it does me. It's always been that way. If I ever make less than an "A" in a class Phil calls me a slacker, even though he's excited when he makes a "C". Phil studies hard in school—a lot harder than I ever did—but he's a little slow. His favorite things to do are read comic books and play solitaire. When he volunteered to drive Gran, he looked at me very hard and then looked across the room at my backpack on the dining room table. I ignored him and picked up an Eddie Bauer catalog that was laying on the coffee table and told Gran we would leave whenever she was ready.

It was over an hour before we left. Gran is eighty-six; and, though graceful, her movements are slow and hesitating. Two years ago they told us that she was in the beginning stages of Alzheimer's. Last fall when I left for college, Gran went to live in the Sunset Valley Nursing Home. She'd lived with us since we were little, since our mom left, but Dad decided that now, with her condition, she needed more care and supervision. The last few times she's visited us I've noticed that she spends a lot of time sitting at the kitchen table, not saying anything. Sometimes she brings her embroidery and works on a pillow or a towel for someone in the nursing home. When I was younger I used to sit and talk with her after school and watch her push and pull the silver needle in and out of a piece of fabric. Gran never graduated from high school, but she has always been able to do anything with her hands. Lately, though, I've seen her hands shake. And if I come into the room to get



Photo by Simpson Purcell

something and speak to her, sometimes a glazed expression comes over her face, like she can't quite remember where she is or who I am.

As we were leaving Gran stopped suddenly, turned, and went back down the hall. I looked at Phil, who glanced up from his game of solitaire and shrugged. "You really ought to stay here," he said for the third time, "You're wasting the free time you've got this afternoon."

Gran came back into the living room holding her embroidery bag. "I can't believe I nearly forgot it," she said, almost whispering.

Phil helped her get settled into the passenger seat, and we left. We drove through town and got on I-38, heading north toward Lexington. I didn't realize until we were on the interstate that there was only a quarter of a tank of gas in the car. I'd filled it up before leaving school on Friday, but now it was almost empty. My car gets terrible gas mileage.

I've only had it for six months—bought it back in August from a dealer who swore that the previous owner only parted with it because she decided to take a few years off from school to travel. A stupid story—a sales pitch. Looking back, I'm not sure why I believed him. I'm usually skeptical when somebody tells me something like that. Maybe I wanted to believe him. Anyway, I told myself that after working the whole summer as a day camp counselor at the rec center in Highland I deserved a reward. I'm a big believer in giving

yourself rewards. I try to do it whenever I finish something or do something well, though sometimes I do it even when I fail—failure is sort of an art in itself. But I only reward myself for failing if I've tried. Not trying means I'm just lazy. Trying and failing means I maybe tried something that just didn't work. At least then I know what not to do.

Unfortunately, professors don't think like that. On Friday morning I went to see Professor Tenney who teaches Advanced Drawing. I'd just received my third "D" from him the day before. Professor Tenney is a small, wiry man who darts around during class and always looks distracted and frazzled. I expected him to be annoyed with me, but his expression remained placid. He said nothing for several minutes, and then finally, "Annie, you have as much talent as any student in this class. But I've rarely had an art student less able to use their talent to create art. St. Augustine said 'What you are must always displease you, if you would attain to that which you are not.' Have a good weekend. I'll see you at class on Monday."

And I suddenly remember that tomorrow is Monday and that I haven't finished the exercise that is due at the beginning of class. It's already 2:39 pm according the clock on the dash. I know I won't be home until late. I shift in my seat, trying to stretch my legs. Gran hasn't moved or spoken since we left an hour and a half

ago. She keeps fingering the pink and coral beads of the rosary. Her lips are moving, so I can tell that she is reciting a prayer to one of three saints she knows—St. Christopher, St. Anthony, or St. Bartholomew. My grandmother isn't Catholic; she isn't even very religious. But several years ago her friend Mrs. Marsden went with the Episcopal church choir to sing in Rome at the Vatican in front of the pope. Mrs. Marsden brought Gran back the rosary as a thank you for taking care of her cat Mitsy.

We pass a green highway sign. Gran reads it; "Holden 1 Mile," it says. Her words come out very slowly and she hesitates before each one, like children do when they are learning how to read. I decide to pull off and get gas. It's still another hour to the nursing home. I pull into a BP and get out. Gran is quiet. I'm not sure she realizes that we have stopped. I wonder if she's even realized where we are going. The rain hasn't let up, and I'm shivering holding the pump in the gas tank. A radio propped up against one of the gas pumps is playing a song by the Beatles. I know that because I heard it when I was driving home on Friday afternoon: *Nothing you can make that can't be made. No one you can save that can't be saved. Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in time.*

I notice that off to the left and a little behind the gas station there's a small house. It's bright blue with green shutters and a red door. A porch wraps around the house, and wind-chimes hang



everywhere—from the ceiling under the porch, from the railing, from just under the eaves. More hang on the two trees in the yard and on several posts stuck in the ground. But there's no wind today, just the rain and so all of them are silent and still, except for a delicate one in the yard that the falling rain causes to chime quietly.

Nothing you can know that isn't known. Nothing you can see that isn't shown. Nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be. It's easy.

I screw the gas cap back on, and open the passenger door, accidentally startling Gran who drops her rosary on the ground. I pick it up and wipe off a bit of brown oil sticking to the pinkish beads. Holding it out to her I ask, "Gran, wouldn't you like to get out and walk inside? You could get something to eat? Or

stretch?"

Gran takes the rosary from my hand and nods absentmindedly. I try to hurry her inside out of the wet and cold. Even though we are covered by a metal roof, the rain floats around us, dampening our faces, fogging my glasses. Gran takes long slow steps, avoiding the small pools of oil and spots of grease on the concrete. As we are about to walk into gas station she says, "On warm days I used to make a pitcher of tea and sit outside, listening to the bugs and feeling the wind blowing my hair, tickling my face."

I can't tell whether she is talking about something that she did as a little girl or if this is something that she did as recently as a couple of years ago. I'm about to ask when she continues, "I never thought that would be

something I'd remember."

Once we're inside the station, I glance around. Gas stations vary widely in cleanliness. Some you wouldn't let your dog inside, and others you almost could eat off the floor. There's a bench along one wall, and I lead Gran to it and tell her I'm going to use the rest room. I nod to the woman behind the register who is wiping off the counter. She waves and smiles, revealing teeth that are stained and crooked.

"Well, now, isn't this just the rainiest coldest Sunday!" she says a little loudly. "We sang that song in church this morning 'this is the day the Lord has made.' Do y'all know that one? Anyway, I said to myself, well now it seems that the Lord might could have made it a little less dreary, but then I says, Merriam, the Lord,

He plans it and makes it and all your supposed to do is that 'let us rejoice and be glad' part."

I can tell she's waiting for a response so I say, "Yes, ma'am," and then walk to the back of the store where I see signs for a restroom. I almost laugh when I open the door. Most gas station restrooms I've been in are completely bare, with a layer of grime on the floor, the sink, and the toilet, and often a machine on the wall sells tampons, pads, and condoms for a quarter. But here a pink towel hangs on a little rack by the sink, a fluffy pink cover is on the toilet seat, a small rug covers the linoleum floor, and a candle and bowl of potpourri are on a little table with a stack of magazines and a Bible underneath. As I wash my hands I read the small framed card hanging above the sink: "The race is not to the swift, Nor the battle to the strong, Nor bread to the wise, Nor riches to men of understanding, Nor favor to men of skill, But time and chance happen to them all. For man also does not know his time."

When I come out, I look around again. A cooler with drinks is on one wall. Shelves are neatly stacked with chips, crackers, peanuts, and candy. One aisle is a hodgepodge of medicine, maps, flashlights, baby diapers, cans of dog food, batteries, and containers of oil. A cardboard display on one shelf holds stacks of notepads with people's names on them: Abigail, Addie, Aida, Aileen, Amber, Amy, Annette, Ariel. I stop. No Annie. That's Gran's and my name.

There wasn't enough room for all the names, I guess. Or maybe someone forgot.

At the end of this aisle, all the way at the back of the gas station where people sometimes put gift shops or video arcades, I see a long wooden table, too high to be a desk, covered with cans of paint, brushes, pieces of wood, and bits of metal and glass. Large balls of twine and string are under the table next to a large crate that holds saws, hammers, and other tools. Wind chimes are hanging from the ceiling above the work bench. On the wall above the work space papers are tacked up—all patterns, sketches, and drawings of wind chimes.

As I walk to the front, I can hear Gran and the woman up front talking.

"You do embroidery?! Well, now, that is something I've never been able to get ahold of. I tried but it didn't take, so I started makin' doodads out of wood and metal and paintin' them and hangin' them up and lettin' the wind do what it will with 'em. That don't take a whole lot of doin'. I just do it cause it makes me feel good. But I sure I wish I could've learned to use a needle better! All those tiny stitches and fancy patterns! I tried to do a towel once, and you see where it ended up!" the woman laughs and holds up the rag that she had been using to wipe the counter.

The look on Gran's face is one of dismay. She rises quickly from the bench and reaches out for the rag, "Oh, don't do that! It's not right! It just isn't!" Her tone is almost accusing,

like the voice of a woman who has just seen a child struck.

The woman lets Gran take the rag from her hand. I put my hand on Gran's elbow, feeling I need to do something to calm and restrain her, to remind her. But she takes a step away from me and leans against the counter, turning the rag in her hands.

The woman watches without saying anything. I open my mouth to speak, but she glances at me and just slightly shakes her head.

Gran lays the cloth on the counter. Flowers and butterflies have been stitched in bright threads in each corner. Compared with Gran's delicate creations, to me this seems gaudy and carelessly done.

"An apron—that was the first thing I embroidered. I was ten and sitting outside on the porch steps on a Friday night. My sister Lois came outside to wait for a boy to pick her up. I didn't like doing anything with a needle, but Mama was making me learn anyway. Mama made all us girls learn to sew when we turned ten. I was stabbing the material with my needle when the boy drove up, and Lois stood up and brushed her skirt. Before she left she said, 'Don't try so hard, Annie. Embroidery is just a bunch of strings and knots. It doesn't matter so much what it looks like when it's finished. It's how you do it. It's doing it.' I'm not sure why but that made me mad, so I stuck my tongue out at her and went inside."

Gran stopped talking and looked at the woman behind the

counter. "It's strange isn't it? How we wind up remembering things that when they're happening we don't even realize are happening? Later that night when Lois and that boy were on their way home a deer jumped in the road and when that boy swerved to keep from hitting a

deer he hit a tree and the both of 'em were killed. I wonder sometimes if I would remember what Lois had said if that hadn't happened. Would you?"

The woman looks at Gran, but she doesn't smile this time. She waits for a second and then says, "I don't know. I wish I could say that I would. Seems like folks never see the stuff that matters. And it's the things we can't see that we probably most should pay mind to. Like time. Like wind."

After I pay for the gas, Gran and I walk back to the car. Gran holds a wind chime that the woman, who we are now to call "Merriam," gave to her. It very small and has short, slender pipes each painted a different shade of blue and each with a word written on it vertically in black ink. As we pull away from the gas station, Gran holds it up and reads the words slowly, "And like wind I go." She is quiet for a moment, holding the wind chime in one hand and her rosary in the other. Then I see her lips begin to move and I know that she is once again saying the prayers that she knows. She is saying them to herself because she's scared—scared she's going to forget everything bit by bit until there's nothing left—like a house that's been robbed and is hollow and empty inside. Gran keeps saying those prayers so she won't forget them. Maybe she even thinks that if she can remember them, she won't forget other things. And that's when I realize that everybody spends their life forgetting and then trying to remember. Maybe there

will come a time when I'll understand all this, but all I can think now is that Gran has forgotten more than I know and that every moment she's forgetting more that I'll never know. I glance over at her. She is fingering the beads of the rosary, caressing each one and then moving to the next. The skin on her wrinkled hands is transparent, and I can see blue veins tracing their way down her fingers to her wrist. Her pale lips which are dry and cracking barely move.

"Gran, say it out loud," I say. "Say it so I can hear it."

Gran begins to pray, her voice low but firm, enunciating each word. The cadence of her voice fills my ears as I try to think but I can't. When I try to look deeper into it I feel as though I'm looking through a dark colored glass, and all I can see are shapes and outlines. I've never asked myself why I care about making art. Maybe I'll never really know. As I listen to Gran pray and listen to the words, I realize that the sleet and the rain have stopped. It's 4:41, and the sun has already set, but the sky that was gray is now orange and gold and coral—the same pink color as Gran's rosary. All I know is that art is what I love and what I do. I can't do anything else. It's hard for me to put into words, but I think it's because art is a way of seeing, of looking at what matters—a way of remembering and trying not to forget.

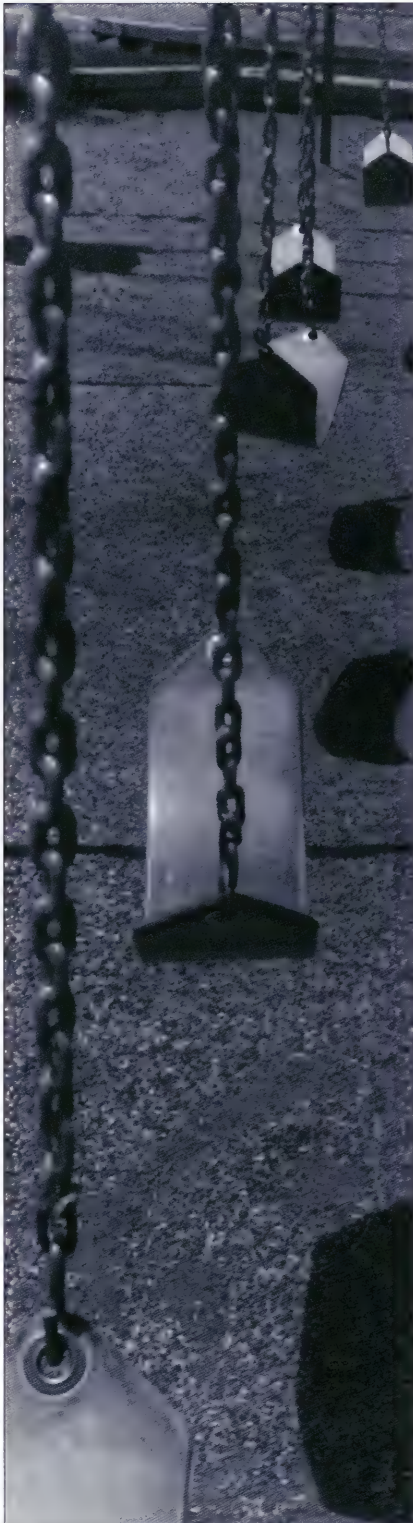


Photo by Simpson Purcell

Widowed

Brian Woodham

He lifts his hand from his morning
mug, slides the paper aside
ties his laces, no Velcro,
only dual knots for both bows.

Outside, he steps past fresh sod,
walks to the shed, huddles over
the mower, thumbing the primer
button—push-pop, push-pop,

gurgle again. He jerks the cord,
cranks blades, shuffles through
the tufts, back and forth, cutting
the upstarts, slinging remains,

the neat rows in his wake. Tempest
growls, he ups his pace, muscles
over anthills, where slump drones,
lugging their piece up the mound.



Photo by Simpson Purcell



Words of Wisdom for Auburn Writers

Joshua Lopez

"You only write as well as those you have read. So, anybody who wants to be a writer should start reading [good] literature immediately."

Judy Troy

Judy R. Troy is a Professor and Alumni Writer-in-Residence at Auburn University. Born in Whiting, Indiana, the distinguished author received an M.A. in creative writing from Indiana University and a B.A. from the University of Illinois at Chicago. While at the University of Illinois, Professor Troy majored in English literature and minored in religion. In 1996, she received the prestigious Whiting Writers' Award.

Professor Troy describes herself as an extremely literal person and argues that this is a desirable quality for writers. Additionally, Troy articulates that she is able to "think in pictures" and believes that this ability facilitates the creative process. Her work has been showcased in both *The New York Times* and *The New Yorker*.

As a child, Troy read constantly and stated, "Every single person I ever read influenced my writing style." Specifically, William Trevor and Edna O'Brien each had a profound influence on the young writer. Troy cherishes her diverse background in literature and is thankful she has had the opportunity to study such masterful writers. She believes that young writers are handicapped by their lack of (good) literature experience/knowledge. Professor Troy avers, "You only write as well as those you have read. So, anybody who wants to be a writer should start reading [good] literature immediately."

Troy warns young writers not to pursue success but to pursue their passion for writing. In other words, the completion of the writing

process should be success enough for *true* writers. Successful writing, according to Professor Troy, is a consequence of being engrossed in one's own thoughts. The accomplished author recognizes that good writing is extremely difficult and is improved only by practice – "There are no child prodigies in writing."

Professor Troy compliments southern writers on their use of setting and encourages southerners to include more on setting in their writing. Furthermore, Troy reveals that she has been captivated by Auburn University's southern charm and declares, "It's hard to imagine myself teaching anywhere else."

Born in Seattle, Assistant Professor Chris Forhan is a relatively new addition to the Auburn University faculty. Conversely, the poet is already well established in the literary world. Some of his accolades include the Pushcart, Morse, and Katherine Bakeless Nason Prizes. Forhan received his M.F.A. from the University of Virginia, M.A. from the University of New Hampshire, and B.A. from Washington State University.

Professor Forhan ardently cautions aspiring Auburn poets to guard against making a typical yet 'tragically poetic' mistake. A poet must never focus upon a preconceived notion for his/her poem; instead, it is best to allow the poem to develop itself. Forhan

asserts, "For the person who really loves poetry, who would starve without reading and writing it, this initial conception of poetry is something that is inevitably left behind."

The illustrious poet hopes that his presence at Auburn will serve to emphasize the importance of poetry and revitalize the existent community of poetry-lovers on campus. Still adjusting to the Auburn atmosphere, Forhan humbly hopes that students find it useful to have a full-time poet at their disposal. Forhan also hopes to bring several poets and fiction writers to Auburn each year for a reading series.

Both Troy and Forhan stress the importance of reading and reject writing and poetry as valid "career" options. Professor Forhan maintains that aspiring poets must read, listen, and truly understand the physical language of poetry prior to making an attempt at writing it. He proclaims, "I write poems not because I've decided on a career but because I would choke on the baked-up sludge of my own being if I didn't."

In conclusion, Troy and Forhan mandate that young writers discover their love for writing, practice their self-discovered art, and read everything available in their discipline. "Don't wish for fame;" exhorts Troy, "content yourself with the process, only then are you successful."



Untitled

Sarah Liechty

My breath catches,
And I feel my chest will burst
With wonder that is too much for me.
No shout, laugh, or word comes for this unspeakable moment,
So my silence finds relief
In tears. Only now can there be a sound
And that of the exiting of the breath
I held, hoping with it to hold the moment;
Suck in all of that moment with the air,
And by holding it, consummate the moment,
Makes its beauty a part of me. It's my
Own way of stopping time,
And it frustrates me when the world does not cooperate.
I feel I could love it so much better,
If it would just slow down.

Now my senses split,
Distracted by my lungs straining.
Physicality pries the moment from me;
But our divorce cannot last.
Out
And back in.
Out
And back in.
I imagine it all still,
Just as it was when I drew the first breath.
But it won't be governed by me:
It's all the better for it.
The wind, the bugs,
And the Pied Beauty of the sky remind me.

I know it will end again soon
Because I feel my oxygen running out
And hear my heartbeat pound
A steadily
Lowing
Count down.

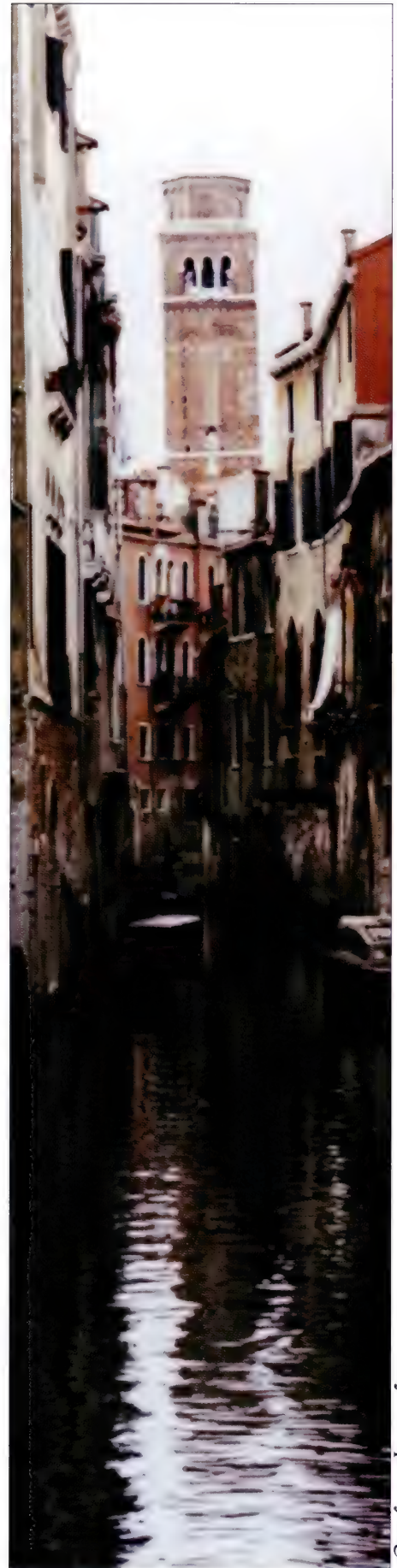


Photo by Joseph Gyengo

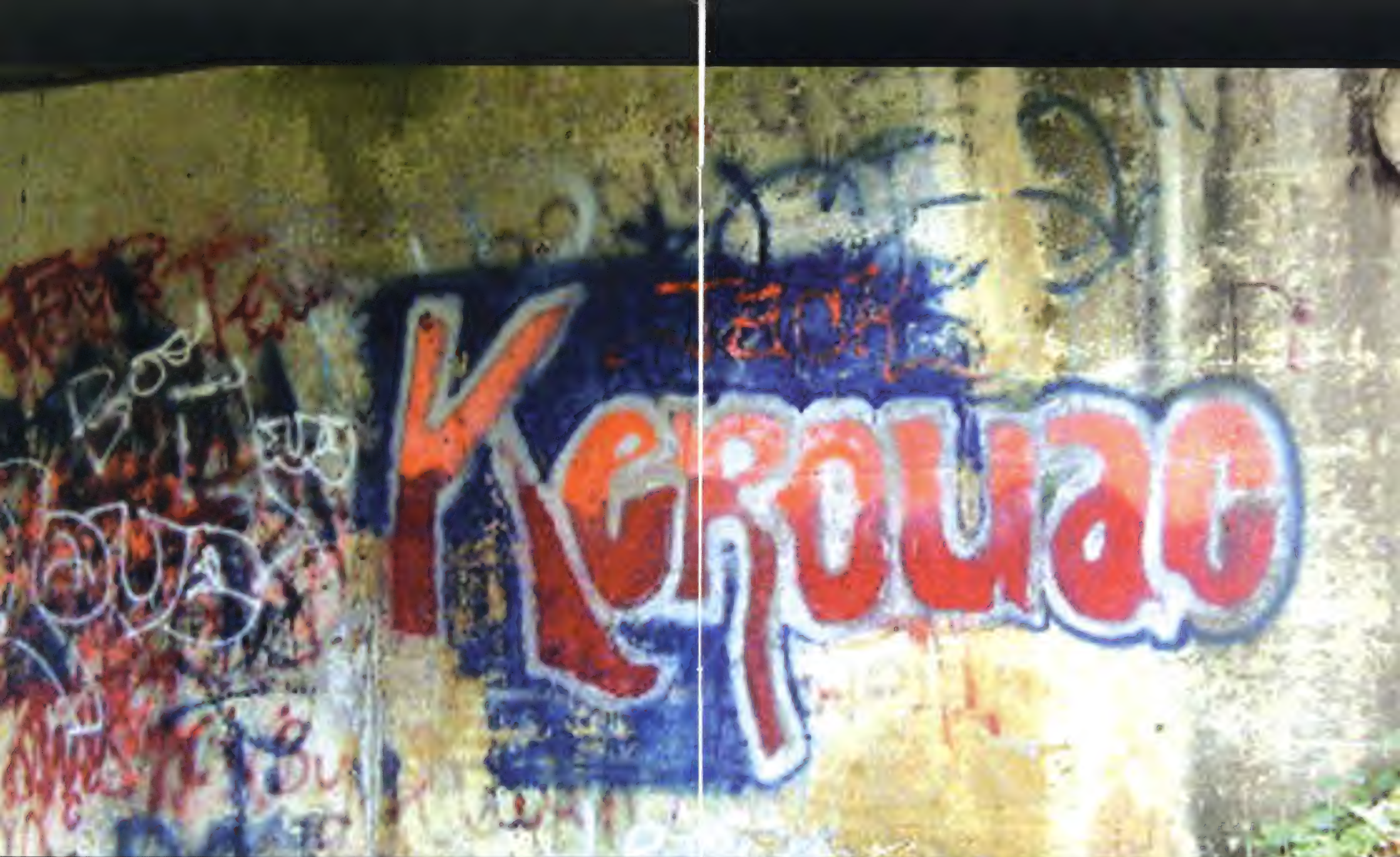


Photo by Lindsey Carmichael



Sparkling Sky

T.S. Ballew

Sparkling sky that shines above
Pilot me to my perfect love.
Mesmerize my mind tonight
With memories that shine so bright.

Childish charms and sweet charades,
Whimsical world of life's parades
Drift me back so happily
To recount rules of reverie.

Love forever, found one day;
My skies were changed to blue from gray.
My stem was blessed with a rose,
And to this love, I did propose.

Could we have had more liberty
Of joys we shared so endlessly?
Laughter, in our eyes revealed
Two souls entwined, forever sealed.

Youthful dreams steered our delights.
We sailed the days and danced the nights.
We became all we could be,
Immersed in life's intensity.

God gave you unselfishly.
Glad days of grandeur filled with glee
Surely confirmed what was true;
I would share all my life with you.

But dark was the day I heard
Harsh winds bring me the piercing word
Of the unwelcomed event,
That took the love Heaven had sent.

Utter shock and grave despair
Came face to face with life unshared.
The single most special one
Who filled my void, now was gone.

Repressive themes gripped my mind,
Absurdly often and unkind.
Saddled by what's wrong and right,
Mind and heart fought a constant fight.

Rage and anger cannot be
My pathway to serenity.
It does not help seeking blame
In losing one who'd feel the same.

All of my world now has changed.
Abruptly, things have rearranged,
Chasing me beyond retreat,
Disgracing me with sure defeat.

I saw others hand in hand.
It seemed too hard to understand
How they went on with their life,
Not minding mine was full of strife.

Beyond the pain I must climb.
I shall cherish what once was mine.
A gift of love – God's bouquet.
A debt that I cannot repay.

This emptiness makes me yearn,
Yet will the joy of love return?
Then I see the sparkling sky,
And faintly hear my lover's sigh.

That blessed sound on my ears
Shall take away my dreaded fears,
And confirm my deepest prayer
That someday we will meet out there.

Through the expanse of all time,
Though separated in our prime,
You'll be waiting just for me
One fine day in eternity.

*February 14, New Orleans,
Near the corner of Bienville and Bourbon*

Jane Daugherty

Dry humping through three layers of clothes,
hands underneath my burgundy velvet blazer,
one jean sheathed leg slung up over his hip,
propped against a woven iron fence in front of
a mossy dark stone courtyard,
verdigris coated bronze trumpet players look on,
mouths press against mouths
out of which names have not been exchanged,
my hand holds tight to the souvenir hurricane glass
covered in a brown paper bag,
necklace of plastic purple pearls
catches on the red hair
he tries to pull out of the way
so he can get to my neck—
strangers stumble by slurring cheers of “get a room”;
and he’s tall and sexy with riotous black curls,
and I won’t know who he is four hours from now—
but I see out of the corner of one eye
some pink in the sky above the station on Royal,
and there’s my best girl,
making out with his friend next to us,
so when I say that we have to go back,
he says no you don’t, and I stay.



Photo by Jane Daugherty



Hiding Discoveries

Jonathan Riordan

A stepping-stone, unknown to house the turtle
It's there, hiding like a pea in a pod
Waiting for us to come and cut it up.

Light bulb flickering in the clouds above your mind.
As you expand the possibilities,
The stars may seem dim,
But only to find
It's so much brighter as the fog begins to lift.

Puzzles put together as your mind begins to drift.
On the wonderment of accomplishment you achieved
Which no one has yet perceived.

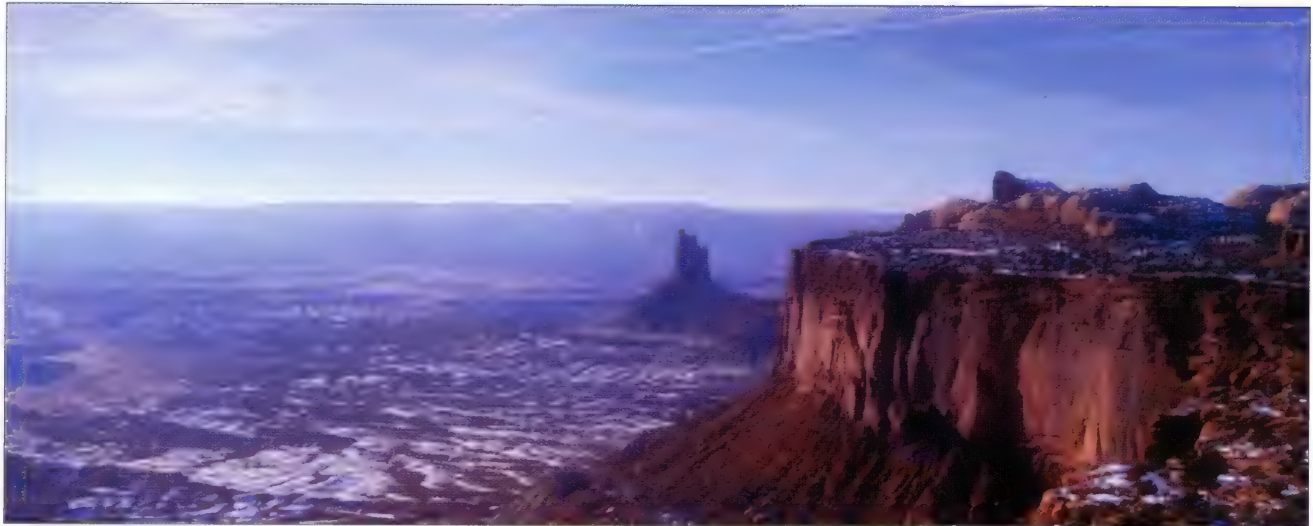
Mind tuned to the channel of confidence
Hardships you must bear as the answers shall be made aware.

For if you have faith to try yourself
In what you believe true
Then possibilities are endless and the outcomes
Just as endless as before,
As you bash through the barricaded door.

You can create ideas and put them on trial
Whether riches of feelings make you smile,
Discover the undiscovered
Be one of the few to say
You made dreams ideas
And you discovered through
Seemingly impossible ways.



Painting by Patrick Giles



Darkness Devours

Mallory Rowe

A red stream dripping from my hand
The echo of drops fills my head
A woman stares up from the pool below
Her dark, weary eyes express the pain I know
Her tears tell why it all went wrong
Misery had ruled her for far too long
Her colorless skin is a horrible sight
My heart stops while her eyes close tight
The clock ticks with each new drop
Darkness devours me when they stop

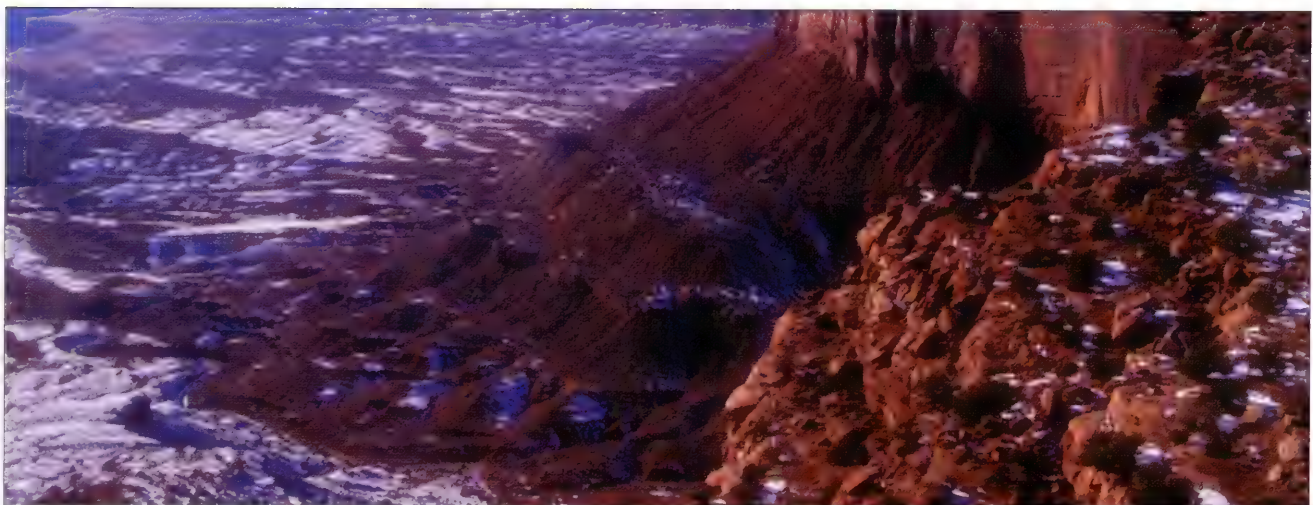


Photo by Blake Gordon



Auburn University's

Scarecrow

by Adam Hajari

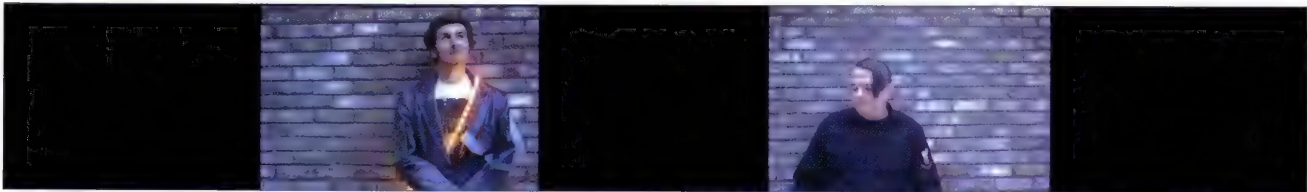
Members: Andrew McAuliffe—keyboard, synth, vocals
Michael Francis—guitar, animal noises, vocals
Computer—everything else

Influences: Handjar, Tony and the Clovers, Harris Knows Best

Album: Dance Party! Planet Earth!

Website: www.scarecrowdanceparty.com

What Are They About? Dance offs with robots, mad scientists, firecrackers, and a stream of consciousness that culminates with the number seven. This is Scarecrow, the newest synthcore band to rock the plains of Auburn. With eccentric guitar riffs, synth parts that one might imagine hearing at a rave or in old school video games, and drums that make no attempt to sound anything but like they were created on a computer, unique does not even begin to describe this stuff. If you can get past the fact that it sounds nothing like the mass produced music that overpopulates the radio and television, then there's a good chance that it will rock your face off.



Photos courtesy of www.scarecrowdanceparty.com

Beneath

by Matt Leach

Members: Joshua Inman-guitar, Eric Pyron-vocals, Kent Michael-drums, Jason Pate-bass

Influences: Story of the Year, Weezer, Hum, Coldplay

After forming in Clanton six years ago, the band Beneath has gone from “just something to do in our spare time” to a potential career for its members. After playing various gigs in Birmingham at venues like the Workplay Theater, the band has gone on to garner interest from talent scouts throughout the South. Guitarist Joshua Inman remembers when the interest in the band began to pick up. “Our drummer Kent Michaels took some of our stuff up to Birmingham to let people hear it and apparently they liked it,” Inman said. Inman describes the band’s sound as simply “rock”, but the band’s eclectic influences help flesh out that description. Watery reverb opens the song “Shiver” calmly enough before loud guitars come crashing into the chorus. As vocalist Eric Pyron sings “Is this the end? Or where the end begins?” it’s clear that this “Shiver” has more in common with the space rock sound of Hum rather than Coldplay. The band’s atmospheric brand of hard rock is refreshing to hear when the majority of bands playing in Auburn are too busy covering “Brown Eyed Girl” for the hundredth time. While most of the music being played on the Plains is just background noise for Greek socials, Beneath play introspective rock like the stellar “Always” with its brooding chorus and dramatic finale. The band, who has opened for popular Birmingham band Red Halo, is currently set to play both the Jubilee and Odyssey Music Festivals, as well as a co-headlining slot with Down Freemont at the Workplay Theater. While the band has had their music played on major Birmingham radio station 107.7 and almost opened up for both Maroon 5 and Switchfoot, Inman says they’re just having fun playing music. “We’re in the process of trying to get a new demo recorded and then after the Workplay show, we’ll just see what happens.”

School of Rock

East Buddha by KanFinae Jones

East Buddha consists of four incredibly talented musicians. Alex Mason, lead singer who writes all of the bands material, has a very distinctive sound that is at its most compelling on the track “Single Slumber” where his voice simply melts into the music and continues to haunt you way past the last cymbal tap of percussionist Brian Wilson. Brian is a prevailing force in this band. He keeps the beat going with some very impressive stick action especially in “August” where he gets to shine a little more during the instrumental breaks.

In “ADHD”, Alex’s bio-track, the power of the guitarist comes through. Right from the beginning of this song Tim Byrd and Price Mason relay the incredible synergy they maintain through every song. They connect as if they have been playing together for years instead of seven months, and Price, at sixteen, is very much highlight to this already enjoyable listen. In every solo he seems to come better and stronger than the last and the influence of such guitarist as Robert Johnson and Stevie Ray Vaughan really start to show particularly in “August”.

East Buddha is a band definitely worth the listen, after an entire set they show hints of such acts as Blues Traveler, Dave Matthews Band, and even Pearl Jam. They give tons of variety and even more talent. You could take them apart and listen to each member undoubtedly for hours, but together these guys really rock.

No Longer Micah by Matt Leach

Members: Chris Johnson-lead vocals, Mitch Gissendaner-lead guitar and vocals, Warren Tidwell-rhythm guitar and vocals, Thomas Edison Skinner III-drums and vocals, Anthony D. East-bass guitar

Influences: Pearl Jam, Metallica, Incubus, Alice in Chains

No Longer Micah got their start back in 1998 when Auburn Graphic Design student Chris Johnson decided to take up writing and recording. The band, which has a hard rock sound, is full of people who obviously know their stuff. Among the band is an accomplished choral singer, a jazz guitarist, a jazz bassist and a former member of a heavy metal band. With a clearly talented group to pool from, the band specializes in tight rock songs that showcase their skills as musicians. On “Come to Me” the



members flesh out a straightforward rock song with a lengthy guitar solo that lulls the song into a peaceful setting before reprising the chorus with crunchy guitars and searing vocals. The band’s influences are easily noticeable upon first listen. The early 90’s rock of Pearl Jam and Alice in Chains lay the groundwork for their heavy guitar sound, while vocally lead singer Chris Johnson tries to find his inner Brandon Boyd. The song “Waiting for the Dawn” features a quiet southern rock verse with a loud Incubus style chorus. It’s clear that the band has honed their skills as the

song is beautiful and immediately catchy. The band’s tight rock songs have been showcased at venues all throughout Auburn. Between an Iron Bowl pre-game show and countless gigs in the Auburn area, No Longer Micah is a band that seems to be picking up a steady fan base among the local music scene. The band recently finished shooting footage for a promotional dvd they plan to release and continue to play shows throughout Alabama and Georgia. In a sea of faceless cover bands No Longer Micah is a local band that brings experienced musicianship to a fresh rock sound.

Photo courtesy of www.nolongermicah.com

Black Issues

Ici Playa aka Tiwanna C. Blakley

And I was in my mother's womb for nine months
The same as you
Blessed with all the goodness that God gave me
Proceeded to enslave me
Not nooses or chains, but restraints embedded in my brain
Fillin my mind with bull****...history can prove it
Causing my senses to leak and given the right to speak
But only about certain times and certain things
And now we wear rings and chains that bling to know we are things
And our eyes are closed to the truth
I'm trying to cause a revolution, while multi-media spittin' pollution
Now we confused
Remember we used to make music in the sunrise
Massa said we couldn't talk so we learned to rhyme
Cosmically, the womb produced many shades of the same hue
Midnight black to light skinned damn near white
We all beautiful in the light?
My fully pigmented brother or melanin deficient sister was the line dividing sight
A being black meant you had to fight
Adding fire to the flames
Paper bag fair, the grade of hair
Then society created the middle class
Using projects and poverty
And the only people in them look like me
Blinded by the truth
Dying youth
Stuck in a cycle that could stop with you
How we gone fight the system if we don't know it?
How we gone have some pride if we don't own it?
Everybody talking loud but ain't saying issh
And this world was built on pimps and politics
Stereotypes
Wrongs and rights
Take each word like a blow, don't duck down FIGHT!
I'm not a man but I can hold it down
Who else can handle the pressure when the majority of Black men locked down?
It's hard being Black in these streets
Being po' tryin to make ends meet
And when the block gets hungry, "Who wan beef?"
Brothas killing each other, babies raising each other
How he gone be a man, if he never seen another
Lost and still confused
A victim of the system
Hans out for permission to keep wishing and fishing for something that's missing: RECOGNITION.



Beast

Jennifer Shaw

His eyes swept the street in front of him, probing the gray November light for shadows that did not belong. The chill air sniffed around his ankles and pulled at the bottom of his trench coat, flaring it out behind and beside him as his long legs carried him across the intersection towards the parking lot where the car he had been assigned was waiting for him. He was struck not by the sight he must have made, tall and muscular, dark, a hard man for sure and appearing even more so with the dramatically swirling trench coat and current scowl he wore on his face; but by the conspicuousness of the sedan he was told to pick up for this assignment.

Amateurs...

He fished the keys out of his pocket and singled out the one for the trunk as he walked around the long side of the older model four-door, wincing internally at the non-descript gunmetal gray car that practically screamed unmarked police car or private investigator. He unlocked the trunk and placed his carryall inside, next to the spare tire, jack and briefcase that he was told would be waiting for him. He pulled that out and shut the trunk, glancing over the roof of the car at the street he just crossed. The cold wind blew in his face but his black eyes remained dry and alert.



Painting by David Broussard

After getting into the driver's seat and placing the briefcase in the foot well of the passenger side seat, he opened the glove compartment and pulled out the handgun and clip. A standard nine-millimeter, all around ordinary except that it was lacking a serial number and did not actually exist in this world, with a standard clip and not-so-standard ammunition. It would create several questions if it were to be found by the wrong people. The Department had been hesitant when he requested it, but had followed through with his stipulation for acceptance of the assignment. He loaded the clip, jacked a round and set the safety.

"S*t." *Holster?* He checked the glove compartment again. An owner's manual and a map, nothing else. With a sigh he reached into one of the pockets of his coat and pulled out a local newspaper, which he unfolded and placed on the passenger seat and over the gun.

It just gets better and better. I just hope I don't get

pulled over for some ridiculous traffic violation that doesn't have a meaning I know, like yielding to a sign that actually means stop and do the polka.

He cranked the sedan and let it idle, listening dubiously to the engine while he fiddled with the unfamiliar controls for the heat. At the incessant rattle that emanated from the vents and the stench of mold that came out with the frigid air, he shut it off with a twist of his wrist and sighed again. Resigning himself once again to the fact that his superiors were younger than him by several decades, if not centuries, and did not understand creature comforts that the older agents enjoyed, he eased the car into drive and left the darkening parking lot.

Driving easily with one hand on the wheel, he checked his watch. It had already been programmed to local time and settings, and showed that he had enough time to set up at the contact sight, plus some. With this in mind, he pulled out of traffic and parked along a residential street.

He opened the briefcase on his lap and looked at the items that were nestled into the foam packing. A Detainee Transportation unit and a vial of Suppressant, plus the tiny compressed air delivery system, glimmered darkly up at him and an Emergency Automatic Return transporter activated itself at the opening of the briefcase and blinked standby yellow. In the case of mission failure, the EAR would send everything within a 10-foot radius back to Headquarters. All of these were what he expected; what he didn't expect was the InforMate holographic screen that fizzled to life and requested Internationally Coded voice confirmation for an audio file download.

He arched a thick eyebrow and snapped the briefcase shut. He tapped a finger on the lid, then stuck the nine-millimeter behind his belt at the small of his back and exited the car, locking it behind him. He kept the briefcase with him and collected his carryall from the trunk. He walked away from the car and, making two lefts, back towards the main street from a different side street.

He considered his options as he walked. The assignment had been to collect a repeat offender of the Multi-Universal Boundary Laws and return him to the Department for permanent placement in a correctional facility located in his own Universe.

"Procedural retrieval of humanoid accused of posing as Category Three individual and engaged in illegal transportation

of restricted goods across Dataframes."

Procedural retrievals did not include unexplainable sloppiness and non-standard communication devices in Dataframes that did not support Departmental technology. His instincts were thrumming along at a clip that rivaled even the newest version of Jaunt Express, and he felt decidedly uneasy with the situation. Basic programming would have had



him respond automatically to the demand for verification, training would have had him stand down and follow the protocols for a jeopardized mission, but his Old World instincts that so puzzled programmers told him that the mission was beyond jeopardized.

Now he understood why it seemed that the mission had been put together hastily and haphazardly: there was no mission. This was something else.

* * * * *

He checked into a hotel that was tucked into side lot almost as an after thought, with just a few units running down the

side of a parking lot that it shared with a declining strip center. His room was the clichéd hotel room, cookie-cutter similar to all the other hotel rooms he had ever been in, albeit a little seedier than most. The carpet was trodden down and patchy, the thin coverlet was torn in places and the nightstand and table both bore the scars of careless—and not so careless—cigarette burns.

He placed the carryall on the floor and the briefcase on the table when he came in, then locked the door and ran the curtains closed, letting go of the rod and tugging on the greasy fabric to pull the it the last couple of inches. He walked to the back of the room and pushed the bathroom door open, looked in, and returned to the table. He opened the briefcase and reached through the still active holographic screen to the EAR unit, which he yanked out and, with the hotel pen he had removed from the front desk, shorted out. In doing so he also disengaged the unit's sister tracking device.

He pulled the nine-millimeter from under his belt and placed it on the table, then shrugged out of his coat and draped it over lone chair. He stepped back and sat on the bed, then swiveled and pulled his long legs up on the bed and lay back on top of the comforter. He scowled up at the ceiling, wondering what he had gotten himself into.

Or, more importantly, what he had been placed in, unprepared.

The troop moved through the trees quietly, in standard formation. He watched as the point man squatted to brush aside a fern with the tenderness a lover might use and reveal a trip wire. With a few hand motions the team leader halted the other troop members, who quickly dropped into alert crouches and watched both his progress along the wire and the forest around them. Their streaked faces revealed no emotion and their spare, lean bodies did not show any signs of fatigue. After finding and separating the detonating device from the wire, the team leader motioned for two other members to move forward. He watched as the two men passed the point man and melted into foliage, then his perspective moved and concentrated on another troop member, the youngest who possessed perhaps only 20 years but was no more a boy than the oldest member. In fact, from his

black eyes and lack of expression, he appeared much, much older. He watched as the old young man scanned the trees and low-lying shrubs for signs of their quarry. The forest was quiet.

The silence was broken by automatic gunfire from the direction where the two other members had disappeared. There was one short scream that ended abruptly with another burst of gunfire. The other troop members were already moving before the echo ended, running through the trees in deep squats, dodging vines and roots. He watched as one of the team members spun around, his chest bursting open and dropping to the ground, corresponding with the hoarse bark of a sniper rifle. The young man was behind and to the left of his fallen squad member, and he watched as the young man dove to the right and rolled, collecting the fallen rifle from the lifeless hands of his fallen comrade and come out of

the roll and onto his knees behind a tree trunk. The young man expertly lined his sights on the fleeing figures and squeezed off three controlled rounds. Three men fell. He watched the boy jump to his feet and run to another point of cover, dropping the rifle he held in favor of his own. By now the woods were alive with gunfire as the troop was surrounded by a contingent of guerilla fighters. Screams of dying men blended with the whine of bullets as they clipped through foliage and found warm bodies. The boy dropped from his stance onto his knees, still firing expertly and accurately despite the hail of bullets. He could hear his team leader yelling, and the radioman was breaking protocol and calling the base command. He watched the young man roll to his side and disappear from view in the ferns and reappear twenty yards away. His face was as expressionless as it was before, he when he emptied



Photo by Blake Gordon

his clip he dropped onto his back behind a log and calmly slid another into place with an unhurried motion. The radioman had gone quiet, and the squawking radio called repeatedly for a location without answer. The boy crawled on his elbows for several yards before he came to his knees again, just in time to see the team leader fall under a converging barrage of bullets. He watched the boy watch the spot where his squad leader had disappeared before he again turned his rifle sights onto the flickering enemy. The enemy bullets came closer and closer as their targets became fewer, and he could see the shells causing the leaves and ferns near the young man dance and fall as if in a strong wind. The boy continued to shoot as if at a range.

His perspective changed again, becoming one with himself as he watched in freeze frame as his shots hit home and the enemy fell and the coldness inside that never left him, even when he ran out of ammunition and hot points lit him briefly before the coldness again seeped in. He rolled and crawled to a body, whether friend or foe he knew not, and took the rifle. The recoil of bullets knocked him back. The foliage swam in front of his eyes for a moment, and he looked up into the unrelenting eyes that peered down at him. He looked beyond them, searching for a glimpse of the sky through the branches above him...

* * * * *

...and woke with a start, rolling to the side of the bed and grabbing with his right hand for a rifle that wasn't there. He stopped, gasping, and looked around the room, the dingy wall that was a few feet from his head and the ceiling that somehow still held the image of green sunlight and smoke. Points of heat slowly faded and he became aware of the sweat that stood out on his face and glistened in hair that was grayer now than it had been then.

He got up and walked to the sink, ran the cold water and splashed his face. He braced his hands on the countertop and looked at his lean, dripping face. With a sigh he dropped his gaze and shook the water from his hands, reaching for the towel. He stopped, his gaze narrowing on the wall above the towel holder. There, written in a hand both familiar and strange:

The beast of hell walks among us in the clothes of the common man

He stared. And stared. Water dripped from his chin and his breath deepened, nostrils flared. In his black eyes his pupils dilated and in his heart, something turned over and rose from its grave.

He straightened from the counter and stood, looking at the quote. He looked at himself in the mirror, and in the reflection he could see the briefcase, still open, resting on the table behind him. He looked back at himself, the bleak eyes and bleak face, the bleak future. He blinked, and on

Photo by Jessica Eastman



the back of his eyelids he saw himself once again facing the enemy. When his eyes opened, he knew he did not want to be the last one in the trees this time. Let someone else hold the line, because he could not. Let the Department replace him with a newer model, one with no memories of trials passed and trials failed. This was one test that this human was not going to even attempt.

He turned away from his image, and walking past the briefcase he bent and snagged his carryall. When he straightened, he knew what he was going to do. He looked at the EAR unit, picked it up and pushed a circuit into place, and watched the yellow standby light flicker to life. By now his superiors would have been notified he knew, and as he watched the yellow light blinked out and the red light next to it came to life. He set the EAR down on the table, and opened the door. As he walked out into the now dark parking lot, painted yellow with sodium lights, he heard a *whoosh* as the unit activated fully and jaunted back to Headquarters. The cold air rushed in to fill the void, causing a breeze to pull against him momentarily. He pushed against it and lengthened his stride out into the dark.

Stuck On the Interstate with an Overactive Imagination

Bobby Dickson

My dusty green mustang sits on a hill
Overlooking the next few miles
Of Interstate 420.

From here, all I can see
Is the gigantic peach
At the Clanton exit
And brake lights zigzagging
As far as the eye
Can see.

Looks like a giant glow worm,
Rows of red-segmented lights-
Indicating he is hungry.
He sways back and forth, over hills,
Through woods and dirt.

Leaving a distinctive trail
To follow, dark rock hard earth,
All marked by a solid yellow residue
And little white segmented lines,

It would not take an expert tracker
To hunt this creature down.

Uh Oh! An unexpected turn
He is headed right for the peach!

Well, I cannot blame him,
Nothing eats like a peach.




Photo by Lesley Hamilton



Solitude

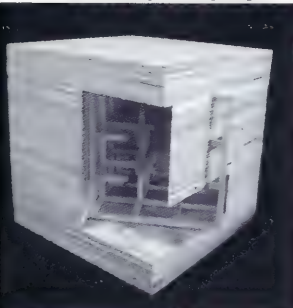
Suzanne Previte

Abandonment
Loneliness
are all constants
Like the sea
however there is no beauty
No aesthetic luxury
only Heartache
And Loss
And Pain
as I become close with them
I trust their Steadfastness
Their Reliability
Their Omnipotence
I realize they are not my nemeses
but rather my muses
bringing me Fear
Anguish
Inspiration



architectural projects

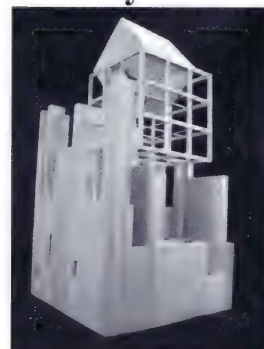
Daniel Asher



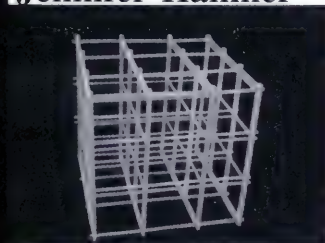
The Assignment:

Build a 12" x 7" cube structure.

Emily Bullard



Jennifer Hamner

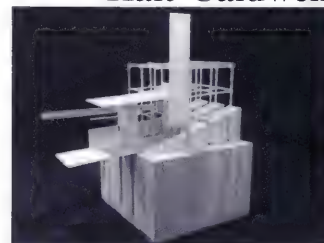


The Details:

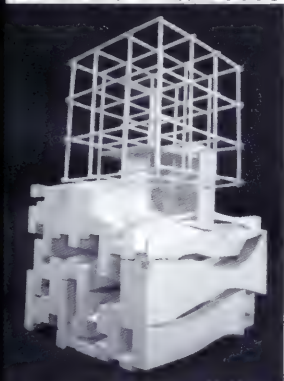
Construct the cube from rectangular bass wood sections of three sizes and three sizes only...

...Small, Medium and Large (the largest of which is 3/8" thick or less).

Kait Caldwell

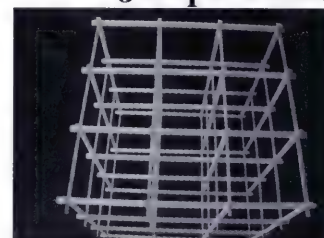


Nadene Mairesse



The structure should strive for beauty and elegance...

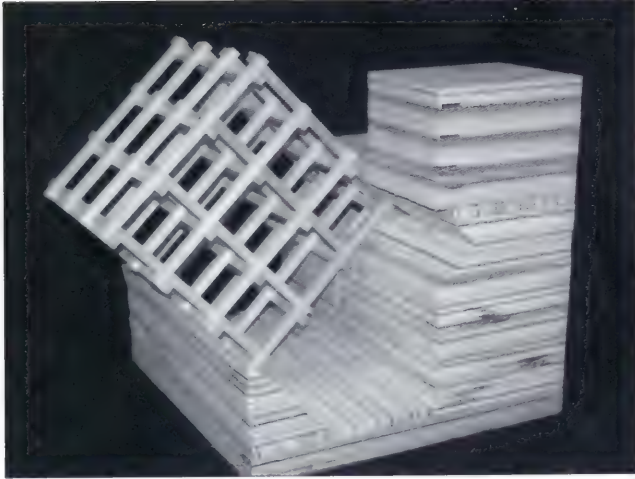
Joseph Fante



...through the structural logic of the intersections and proportions of the elements.

Photos by David Williams

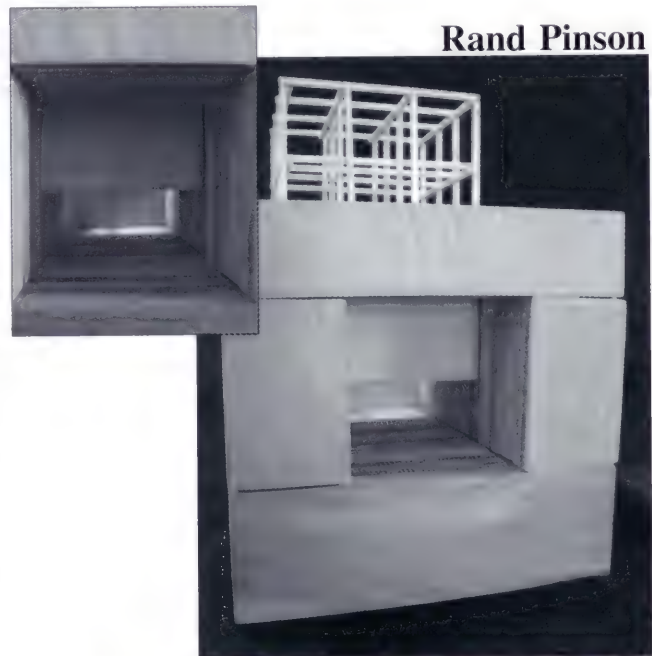
Raleigh Price



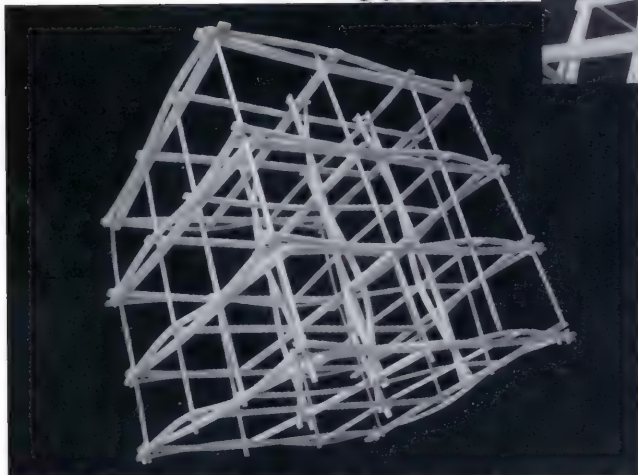
The objective of this model was to take our existing 9-square (27 cube) and 4-square (8 cube made of panels) and combine them with a “site” in a way that would form dominant interior and exterior spaces. Any method of construction could be used to physically form the spaces as well as using different sized thickness of wood in the 4-square panels. I chose to set my 9-square into the 4-square at an angle that would produce a dominant interior space when set into the site. The site enclosing the upper area of the 4-square forms the exterior space.

I began to build a model and explore the relationship of a site in context with two intersecting cubes as in accordance to the project. The model started out as a geometric study, but I experimented with how the model could interact with the viewer. A hole the size of the smaller 4-inch cube was placed through the site, and covered just enough on one end to catch the light inside of the site design. The larger 6-inch cube, and the combination of site and imbedded smaller cube create a unique expression of one passing through an interior space into an exterior. The play of light and shadows inside is a magnificent display to the viewer and creates a wonderful image of natural light.

Rand Pinson



Uel Bassett



This twenty-seven cube became a project exploring the attitudes we hold of cubes. The absence of glue and minimal amounts of straight pieces of wood (used only to counteract the compression of the bending bass wood pieces) focus to produce a “cube,” defying the preconceived notion of a need for “straightness.” The offset nature of the layers goes further in an attempt to redefine “cube” into a more rectangular-prism form.

4 *Episodes From a Relationship*

Lindsey Carmichael

#1: She was sleeping in my clothes.

She had taken a pair of flannel pajama pants and one of my old undershirts and appropriated them as her own. It didn't really matter; I couldn't wear them anymore. All my old clothes were too big for me now. Since I'd moved and stopped smoking so much pot. They were a little too big for her, truth be told; the waist rode her hips and her feet got all lost in the hems. Not too terribly large, though; Sarah had never been what magazines would call thin. I don't mean that disparagingly; I loved her body. She had this great figure, hourglass, you know, with big breasts and full hips and thighs. She wanted desperately to be thin; the stories she wrote were full of thin girls: thin girls running and thin girls falling in love and thin girls crying. I didn't give a s**t, to be honest. But she kept sleeping in my old clothes. She'd brought a suitcase full of this sexy silk s**t, satin lace and straps, shortie pajamas and nighties, a suitcase of sex. It sat in the top of our closet and collected dust, not compliments. I didn't really give a s**t about the lingerie, either; it'd always just been another obstacle to overcome when we were making out. She looked

fantastic naked, and was totally unselfconscious in bed. Me, it's a struggle to walk from the shower in a towel. And she had these amazing eyes; I felt like she could see straight through my skull anytime we made eye contact. I'd see her in the halls at work, and she'd been deep in conversation with some dumbass and just look at me as I went by, holding it a beat too long, and it would make my heart lurch. Even now, with so much distance, those eyes still make me breathe weird. Sex with Sarah completely untied me.

#2: I couldn't stop wearing his pajamas.

At first, it was out of necessity; the airline lost my luggage and so it was all I had. It's not like he ever wore them anyway; he always slept naked. And besides, all his old clothes were too big for him now. His body was solid, like really fine wood. He'd lost his softness when he moved. It made me even more self-conscious about my own weight; I'm sure I weighed more than he did. The first time we had sex, it was like sleeping with a stranger – I had to relearn and readjust. I hated for him to see me naked now, and I didn't want to wear all my old Victoria's Secret

getups because they just highlighted the difference between us. Sex was the same, though, the same energy and freaked out f**ked up connection. After a few nights in Wyoming, I burst into tears during. It wasn't the first time I've ever cried during sex, but it was the first time in a long time.

"Sarah?"

It was fine, though; everything was fine and wonderful and the same. I didn't know why I was crying, anymore than I ever did, really. Some unnamable emotion had just taken me like a wave and it came pouring out. He wouldn't stop looking at me, so I closed my eyes.

"Stop. Open your eyes."

I turned my head and all I could see was the pink of the pillowcase. I couldn't look at him; I felt like all the pain and anguish of being apart for three months was welled up inside my eyes. It was like being naked in the middle of Times Square. I have this weird thing; it's so difficult for me to look at people when I'm emotional. And he could always see straight through me.

#3: So I cheated on Sarah.

I don't know why I slept with someone else. It's not like I didn't love her, and I don't have any weird familial issues clouding the water. I could tell you that I was piss ass drunk, and even though that's the truth, it's still a lie: I knew exactly what I was doing. I set out that night with the express purpose of hooking up; alcohol was just a trailer on the way to the bigger

picture. I saw this girl and I knew her slightly and by the end of the night, she was in my bed.

She was everything Sarah wasn't. She was this clichéd California blonde, only she was from Minnesota. Lots of makeup and really tiny and thin. She was completely tan, all over, with these calm blue eyes. She was a sophomore somewhere – pre-med. She didn't like to read, loved to swim, and was hoping to go into genetic engineering when she graduated. Her body was Playboy perfect.

I couldn't bring myself to kiss her.

We kissed once; she surprised me as I struggled to fit the key into the lock. Her lips were soft and timid, her tongue tentative; it was like kissing an apologetic peach. I tried not to jerk away too obviously. I don't know if it was

the alcohol or the fact that I was kissing another girl or what, but I really wanted to vomit right there on my door.

I finally got the door open and we stumbled inside; Tobias was asleep in his bed. We fell across the floor and started making out. It was completely generic and totally boring.

I couldn't bring myself to kiss her.

She got dressed at dawn and took a cigarette for the walk home. She told me goodbye and I nodded. Tobias turned over as she shut the door, and we both listened to her heels clomp away on the linoleum. I leaned my head against the door.

Tobias asked, "What about Sarah?"

#4: We went to New Orleans once.

It was before we were together, when we were just getting to know each other as individuals and feeling out our friendship. Sarah drove most of the way. We stopped in Mississippi and bought a half case of beer and I bartended from the floorboard, handing Sarah beers while she steered.

Sarah didn't like Bourbon Street.

There were too many people, for a start. Crowds freak her s**t out. It was dirty, of course, and people were doing everything everywhere they could find a footrest: drinking, fighting, pissing, f**king. She bought a round of those overpriced drinks, the ones that taste like pure sticky syrup to cover up the insane lack of alcohol, to ease her anxiety. Then she bought a feather boa from one of those stores run by foreigners who like to capitalize on American



Photo by Lesley Hamilton





Photo by Barbara Michael

tourists, the ones like they have in Times Square, full of cheap and gaudy souvenirs. She floated ahead of me just slightly, past Antoine's, and with her boa around her neck and in her glasses, she looked like some cock-eyed and crazy bird. I stopped drinking, but she kept begging rounds. She was a fun drunk.

At the hotel, she fell onto the bed, laughing. Unable to sleep, we went looking for an all night drug store. She leaned the seat back and smoked and talked while I drove, feeling 10 feet tall with the responsibility of her. She apologized over and over for her weakness. I couldn't tell her, but I

fell in love with her for those strictly hidden and forbidden weaknesses. Just so you know, I'm not some sort of patriarchal prick: I know Sarah's a hell of a lot smarter than I am and she's a better writer and she has impeccable taste and is strong as hell, and I love her because of everything she is. But New Orleans made her revert a little bit into the girl no one's ever allowed to see — she bought some chocolate milk to wash down a handful of Advil — and it was just the craziest, most unforgettable glimpse.

I helped her change into her pajamas, and she fell over into my bed, not so much going to sleep as passing out. I pretended to read

for a while, but watched her under the covers instead, like the sap I am. Asleep, she was completely vulnerable, and trusted me utterly. I've never actually been able to sleep with just anyone; complete unconsciousness makes me uneasy.

I turned off the light and eased down slowly, still in my clothes. Feeling the bed shift with my weight, she rolled over against me. Almost involuntarily, my arms went around her, and she mumbled a little in response. My shoulder went numb with her weight, but I didn't dare move until she shifted away from me and I could breathe once more.

Shattered Glass

Christa Jennings

Shards of glass
Lie on the sidewalk
Not though much of
As people hurry by
Broken, ruined, no good
It lies apart
All in pieces
From where someone earlier
broke it
Hoping to be picked up soon
Most people walk around it,
Without really thinking about it
Barely noticing the dangerous
shards
Yet still bypassing the pieces
Others accidentally step on the
glass shards
Either breaking it into tinier
pieces,
More numerous than before,
Or else having a piece or two
stick into their shoe
Leaving a small mark
The shattered glass lies on the
sidewalk
Blinking in the sun
Reflecting all the light it sees
As the busy people pass by
Hurrying here and there
The broken glass lying
Uncared for
Waiting to be picked up.



Photo by Dana Jaffe



Wings

Jane Daugherty

hear and feel the sound of my feet hitting the grainy concrete outside breeze blowing swift glimpse into the courtyard and then my hand on the cold metal of the door handle, pulling it outward releasing the stale caged air into which I am reluctantly about to be submerged. it closes softly behind me, sneakers now finding smooth tile is my hair straight? did that pleasant breeze both natural and forced by my hurry muss my ungovernable hair? do i look like the sweaty disgusting unattractive mess that i picture opening the already closed door to the room, making an entrance as usual. of course they all stare, it distracts them from the fact that they did not read what they should have last night and are now failing the quiz that is outlined on the board for us. i pull paper and pen from my bag and begin scribbling the moment i sit, fully prepared, which is my only salvation from my



terminal lateness. i think i detain myself in the mornings so that i might delay the attempt at a withering stare that the harpy standing at the podium directs at me. i stare right back with burning eyes and suddenly her head explodes all over the quietly writing class, and after they pause to wipe her bloody brains from their faces, they stand and clap for me as i stride to the front of the classroom to lead a real discussion about form versus plot in Anderson's "Hands." i am rudely jerked from fantasy by her shrill command to turn in my completed quiz, and she looks at me as though i am something she has scraped off her orthopedic support shoes. distraction again takes hold as she begins to blather, and i am making the slow spiral jogging down the ramp at the stadium corners with the brunette ponytailed girl much more athletic than i'll ever be who i envy as i watch her out the single window while chained to this incredibly uncomfortable seat... i slide down, doodle, is he looking at me? i wish i could see him...do i smell pretty? the beautiful boy behind me is forced to look at my hair during every class just as i must encounter the Barbie hair of the stupid bitch who sits ahead of me, who stole my seat three days into class and i hate i hate i hate

losing my seat. it disorganized the entire semester for me and that makes me even less tolerant than i would normally be of a dumb girl with the IQ of a turtle who makes stupid comments and resents every single item of work that we have to do and the work is so damn easy and now she's curling her lip and giving a little snort of dissatisfaction so i stand up, grab the nylon hair and slam her face into her desktop BAM! bloodying her nose and sending her crying to the ladies room. Good, now i can have my desk back. for now i sit up to stave off sleep and my hair has caught on the poorly screwed in bolts on the back of the seat and several are ripped out violently, karmic retribution i suppose for inattention, and my new tattoo just above my waistline itches and i've got cramps and i wish i was high, dammit, but this is just monday, so none of that for class today. s**t. Barbie bitch's vulture-ish friend sits next to us in the neighboring row, and my friend john sits right behind her, and

Inset painting by Jonathan Riordan

vulture girl is almost as annoying as Barbie, and possibly less intelligent, and she opens her mouth quite often to share the idiocy with the world, but my friend says she's nice, so i haven't thrown a grenade at her head, but i want to. often. like right now, when she says something so obvious and childish and sophomoric i don't reach over and kick her desk over, i only look over at john and return the "oh my god she's such a freaking moron i cannot believe i have to hear this i thought we were supposed to be in college" look that he's giving me. he and rebecca (who sits in another row in the back of the class and randomly makes astute observations with her sunglasses on to hide her already smoke-reddened eyes—she gives less of a s**t than i do, apparently) are the only good things about this hour of torture that i endure three times a week. the harpy asks a question that i deem worthy of my response so i speak up and surprise surprise, she cuts me off and calls on the idiot mongrel boy with the deep southern accent somewhere behind me. this happens all the time. it has almost killed off my urge to participate, but i cannot fully quench that desire. i often mutter the correct answers only loud enough for Barbie and john to hear and then he and i roll our eyes together five minutes later when others finally get it and the harpy acknowledges their contributions. i punish myself for giving her what she wants by writing "i will not speak in class" over and over to kill time and i fill an entire notebook page with it. she sounds like the voiceless adults from charlie brown but my ears also begin to pick up the soft slamming of books and zippers and binder clasps and oh joy, my watch says i only have five minutes left. i join the flurry of activity and hear the nasal nothings get louder and louder to combat the anticipated release and she finally says, "okay on Wednesday..." which is the cue for "this is on your syllabus and you can go now" and i hastily fasten everything i have to and sweep my hair over my shoulder so it won't get caught in the strap of my bag remember my purse that girly redundancy and fairly skip over the threshold into the hall back out the door onto the balcony fumble in the bag for a cigarette and lighter, it's lit and ahhhh, bliss. and i try not to think about Wednesday as i hop up onto the rail and push off with the balls of my feet to make a sweeping arc above the building and land on one of the corners of the roof of the top floor. i take another puff as i survey the campus from my perch and smile down at my now very small friends, still idly chatting down there on the balcony. The sun is warmer up here and the breeze is also stronger, but i'm not worried about my hair anymore as i'm sure it looks like a flickering flame being blown out behind me and i decide that life could be worse than a beautiful autumn day when you're young and in college and you can fly.



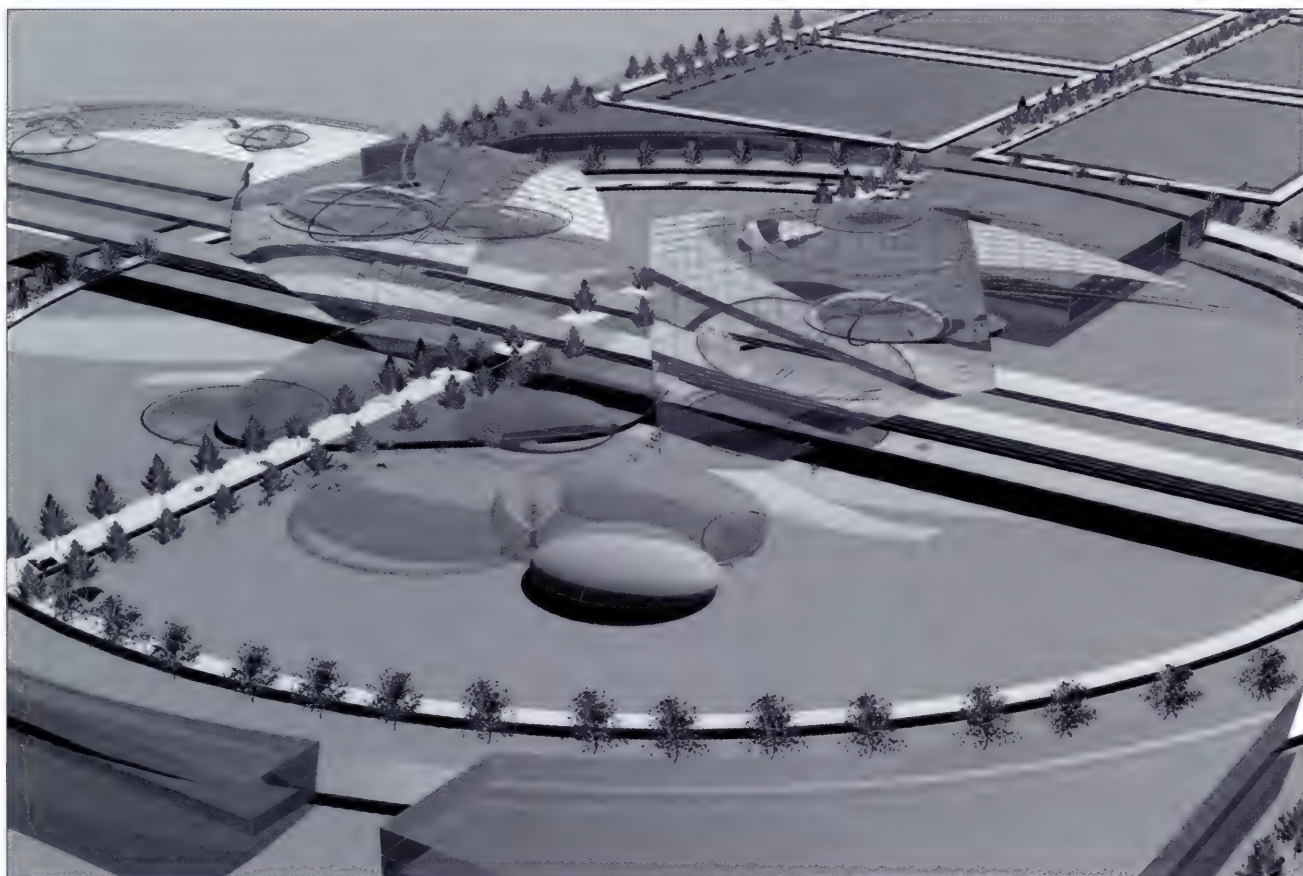
Photo by Megan Evanchenko

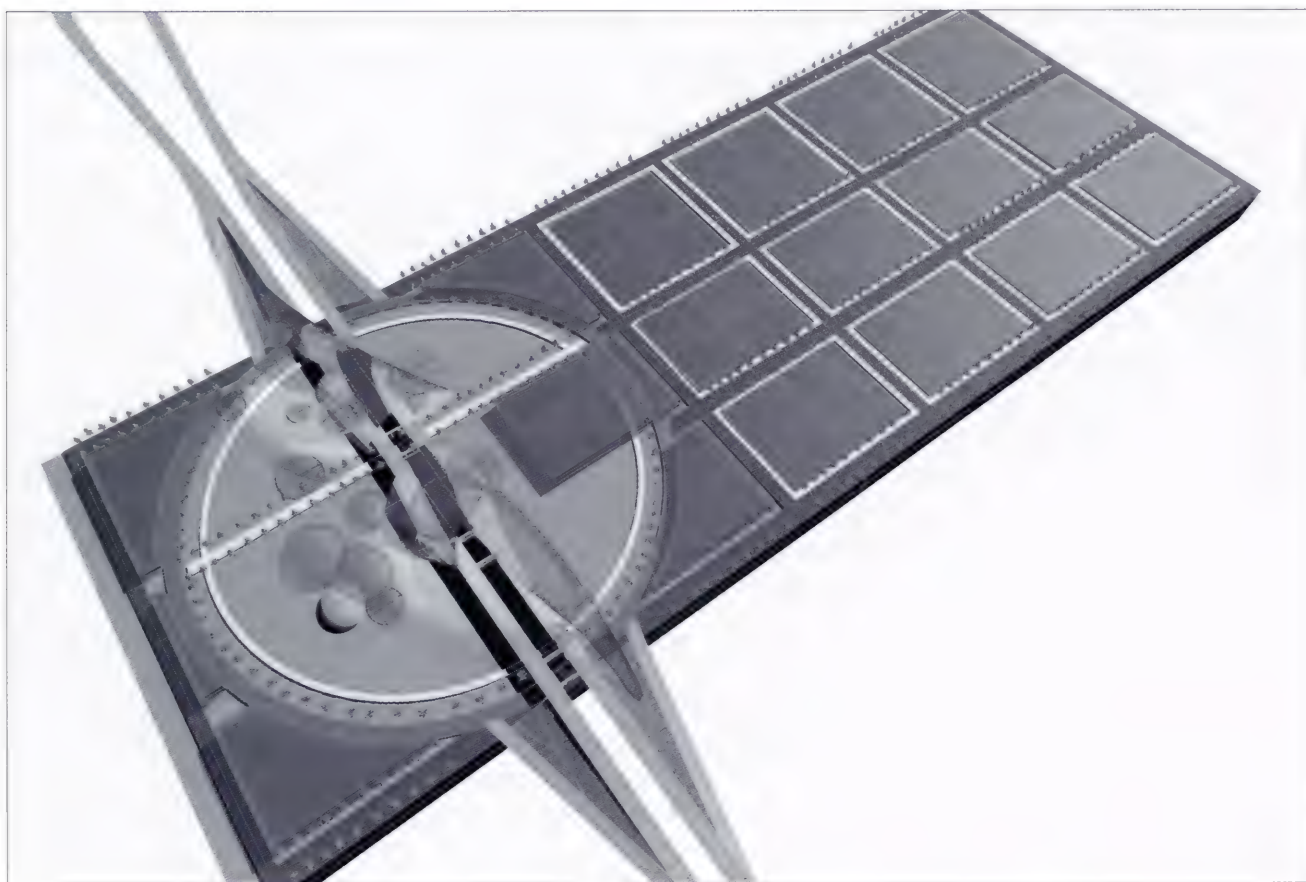


Design

Mark Peterson

The project is about how we as people interact within the environment and how it reacts to us. The installation over the interstate is a concept that physically represents the metaphor of production both in nature and in man. The monumental structure over I-65 acts as a gateway piece into Birmingham while addressing the massive amounts of pollution created by the cars below, and the need to address the disconnect created by the interstate insertion within the city. Lastly the large pod type structures are meant to be a type of greenhouse that would allow plants to filter the carbon monoxide from the air. In the process the plants would begin to die from the carbon monoxide and would return back to the soil to create more plants, a cyclical process. This is important because it allows for a type of visual sign to the people that pass under the gateway reminding them the damage that we do to the environment in order to produce more goods...





Theatrical Renaissance

Christopher Edwards



Photos by David Williams

It sits nestled behind the raucous cheer of screaming Auburn fans during football season rests under the cacophony of cranes that ceaselessly drill and hammer on the ever-expanding Jordan Hare Stadium. It stands tall next to Auburn's science hub whose \$50 million facelift causes no shortage of transportation headaches on campus. Just to its other side, millions of dollars have been invested in new construction projects and all the while, its redevelopment and renovation have gone unnoticed, at least to the unsuspecting pedestrian.

However, anyone daring a visit to the inside might be shocked to find a reconstruction project that is bringing Auburn University's Telfair Peet Theatre into the 21st century. Gone are the large sofas and the outdated lobby area characteristic of the old theatre. Replacing them are sleek tile floors and an atrium area that is brighter and more welcoming to visitors. Facing the proscenium-style stage is a 250-person capacity auditorium with newly installed seating. Aside from the obvious aesthetic touches, lighting and acoustical upgrades are giving technical directors new equipment to work with. Despite these \$2.5 million

of renovations, Worth Gardner, head of the Theatre Department anticipates more. When asked if theatre in Auburn will ever be as big as football, noting gargantuan football facility which occupies a large portion of his office-window view, he remains optimistic; while the arts may not be so grandiose on the Plains today, tomorrow is yet to come.

Any large investment, such as the one in Telfair, warrants explanation and Matthew Phillips, professor in the Theatre Department has one idea in mind saying that theatre "allows you to do certain things you can't do on the street – most streets anyways." Looking at the Spring schedule for Telfair proves Phillips' point as freaks, hate crime and dancers will dominate this season.

Opening the season is *Freakspiel*, a play conceptualized and developed here in Auburn. Teaming up with renowned puppeteers Bob Parsons and Ashley Banks, Worth Gardner and company created a work of art that satirizes contemporary culture – one that feeds off of the freakishness of others. Set in the intimate enclave of a thrust stage, the audience is literally drawn into the action of the play. Actors have no qualms about physical

contact with audience members, multiplying the effect of already grotesque material. Leaving no sacred cows in this piece, playwrights juxtapose Siamese twins, victims of plastic surgery and even self-mutilating acts against a drunken, half-naked and obnoxious Auburn football fan, driving home the point that "we are all freaks" and that pop society is intrinsically hypocritical.

The freaks aren't the only group commanding Telfair this year as, later in the season, the theatre plays host to the *Laramie Project*. Conceptualized by Moisés Kaufman, who moved his theatre company to Laramie, Wyoming after the Matthew Shepard tragedy, *Laramie* is a compilation of interviews given by local citizens affected by Shepard's death and the before and after of the trials of the two men charged with his brutal murder. In these interviews, the polarizing effect of this tragedy is revealed on such topics as homosexuality, religion and privacy. Transforming these interviews into a play, Kaufman creates a portrait of how the end of a young, gay man's life brought small-town Wyoming to the national spotlight. Perhaps the most striking element of this



production is the simplicity of the set because, according to Gardner, the story should dominate the performance, not the set.

Also playing this season is a week-long dance event which opens with world-renowned dancer/choreographer Bill Evans as he performs *Reminiscences of a Dancing Man*. Following the opening night's performance are Master's Dance classes taught by Evans himself, a rare opportunity open to all. Later in the week, the second annual performance of DAUnce opens under the direction of dance professor Judith Nelson, another of Auburn's talented faculty bringing art to the Plains. The month of March also brings the production of *Antoine in Showbusiness*, a parody on the theatre itself, which runs in the theatre's black-box facility. Like the setting for *Freakspiel*, the

small auditorium will provide a more intimate place for the audience to take in the performance.

After spending all summer and fall in the basement of Haley Center, the Theatre Department at Auburn is thrilled to be back home in Telfair Peet. Looking toward the future, Worth Gardner anticipates bigger and better things to come. As far as creating another original piece such as *Freakspiel*, Gardner is hesitant to speculate, saying only that the creative process is always in the works. In any case, the recent renovations and the exciting Spring schedule are great reasons to be a Telfair patron and see what creative juices are flowing out of Auburn's Theatre Department. Just be sure and watch those cranes hovering above Jordan-Hare, who knows where they might be headed next!



A Warm Easter Rain: Montgomery

Cecile Gray

And by and by he met a tiger.
(Little Black Sambo)

Magnolia Curve reverted to jungle,
one yard in three almost primordial,
as if the dwellers had moved
their village deeper into the rain.

The prairie that shrugs off the zoysia
is a sunburned hippo
that shucks his back from the ooze.
All this river-green afternoon,
when I should have been plaiting
the jonquils' hair,
I watched him hatch.

Last night, next door but one
on the old Episcopal clergyman's patch,
the voices chattered and danced
like drums and the scorned the half
of what's seeded here and burgeons.

Today it's raining
zebras and giraffes.



Photo by Jessica Eastman

A Landscape

Jennifer Shaw

I frowned, looking up from the flowerbed I was kneeling in, when I heard voices calling my name from the other side of the house.

"Karen? Are you out here?"

"Karen?"

I seriously considered ignoring them, perhaps hiding in the tool shed or greenhouse and waiting for them to go away. I didn't feel like being sociable, didn't feel like speaking with my brother and his wife. Today wasn't the day. Art was failing me and, like a true artist, I wanted to wallow in self-pity in solitude.

Social graces prevailed, however, and I stood and wiped the black loamy earth from my bare knees and hands and walked around the side of the house, calling as I did, "Yes, be right there."

When I appeared around the side of the house, Tom and Julie were looking in the other direction, standing on the porch. I approached slowly, raking my fingers through my hair and pulling the sweat soaked strands away from my cheeks and throat.

"Over here."

They turned and looked down at me as I stood in the yard, squinting up at them, still holding my hair away from my perspiring face. The sun, just past the zenith, blazed down on me and made the figures on the shady

porch dark and indistinct to my day-adapted eyes.

I dropped my hands and walked around to the wide stairs at the front of the porch, feeling the tightness of my skin from the sun and the ache in my lower back from kneeling and bending all day over the flower beds, herb gardens and koi ponds that proliferated on the land behind the house I was renting. All were meant to be inspiring when I first came here, and instead they became the distractions that I needed from the loss of talent that I literally felt leaking from my fingertips more and more everyday.

The other day, I had spilled hot tea on my hand and when I had drawn my hand back and shaken it to cool it, splatters of talent had shown brightly, briefly, on the cheery yellow linoleum before fading to mere water spots.

I felt myself as if I were fading, a little more gone each time I looked in the mirror.

I came to a standstill once I mounted the seven steps leading to the porch, and Tom and I looked at each other for a moment. Never, I don't think, had two siblings looked less alike. I was short and the term slim would be flattering, and I had recently traded pale skin and mahogany hair for a tan and sun bold platinum streaks. Tom was tall and medium, with medium brown hair and medium brown eyes. My hazel eyes showed more of their green color now that they peered out of a less ghostly countenance.

"Karen, how *are* you?" chirped Julie as she stepped between us and hugged me tightly. Her and Tom were much like bookends, varying only in hair length.

I stiffened, and she released me quickly, and stepped back, smiling to cover her discomfort.

"I'm well," I said, trying on a smile to soften the hurt I saw in her face. Normally my posture and body language deterred people from touching me. I must be tired...

Tom, knowing me, only patted his wife's upper arm and began asking the mandatory brotherly questions that he felt were his birthright. Succinct but dutiful, I let the answers trail over my shoulder as they followed me through the house to the kitchen. Pouring water over the ice in the collectable McDonald's Holidays glasses that I had found in the cupboards when I moved in, I watched my thin hand collect condensation and run it down the snow textured sides and drip into the sink.

I listened with half a mind to the conversation between Tom, Julie and I, inserting appropriate responses when necessary. The other half thought about the three paintings, in varying degrees of completion and all no better than the blank canvases I had started with, that were currently draped and banished to a closet. I couldn't even stand to see them resting on one of my easels, catching the light and crying like soul-less children pleading for salvation.



I can't help you, I can't I can't I can't...*I had murmured and apologized as I covered the two most promising, and when I shut the door to the closet I had felt a tightening in my chest that closed off my breath, and I wished in that moment for death.*

Tom and Julie stayed for another half hour before taking their leave. Standing on the porch, I watched them drive off before turning back into the house. The idea of returning to weeding was not an appealing one, but then nothing really seemed appealing. In the darkness of the interior hallways, my still damp clothing cooled my skin to the point of goose bumps, and I peeled out of them and took a shower.

After I finished toweling, I peered in the mirror un-self-consciously. Pulling my short hair back into a ponytail, I studied my face for signs of fading.

Last week, I had caught a glimpsed myself in a hall mirror as I walked by, and was shaken when I thought I could see the wood paneling of the wall through where I was supposed be. And my image has been decidedly watery lately if I moved quickly, almost as if the mirrors were not mirrors at all, but windows that are only reflecting weakly what they are shown.

My face seemed normal enough, there enough, in the circle I had made with my hand on the steamy glass to satisfy me and I turned from it and walked into the bedroom.

Behind me, the image of my face peered back through the

mirror for a moment longer before also turning away.

Dressing quickly, I decided to try painting again before I lost my nerve. I walked down the hallway to a room that was situated more towards the east side of the house to catch the pure morning light, and as I moved closer the I could hear, barely, the moaning of the canvases. I almost lost my courage completely when I put my thin, shaking hand on the lever to the closet, but I resolutely pushed the handle down and pulled the door open.

They waited there, as I left them.

Not that I expected them to have moved themselves.

Of the three pieces, one had been a standard apples-and-oranges warm-up project that had gone undeniably wrong, the fruit appearing to have grown in some other land and where, there, they weren't apples or oranges at all, but something...else. Something poisonous, treacherous, that called *pick me taste me* to the hapless and unwary. I had no desire to even handle the canvas, as if the nectar might seep through. I blamed it, at the time, on lack of sleep and strange dreams that refused to be remembered once I had pulled myself from them, and had quickly covered it and slid it here, handling it by the frame only.

Pulling back the drapes on the other two, I gazed at them leaning on the clean wall of the closet. The largest, one of the largest canvases I have ever used actually, was about 28 inches tall

and 50 inches wide, and the canvas was slightly ivory-toned. I had picked it up at a back alley art store closeout, thinking that the canvas's peculiarity might, in itself, generate creativity and in turn tell me what it desired of me. I was certain that it did not like the boring landscape that was currently covering a third of the matte surface, and was yearning for something else that I needed to find. The third canvas was a self-portrait that had petered out. It was promising, but I had a hard time remembering the finer details of my hair, my mouth, the exact line of my eyebrows and getting them to stay on the painting. It was almost as if the fabric soaked up the paint from the lines it did not like while I wasn't looking.

I pulled the landscape away from the wall and carried it into the kitchen, where the now afternoon light was the strongest and I could see into the backyard for what I hoped would be inspiration. I leaned it against a leg of the kitchen table and went back for an easel.

Walking through the kitchen doorway with the easel held awkwardly in front of me, various parts of it jabbing my hip and thigh, I nearly dropped it when the fabric of the canvas seemed to be undulating and bulging out slightly. Taking three more stuttering, stumbling steps into the kitchen, pulled by momentum and the weight of the easel more than an actual urge to move closer to the canvas had me cursing myself for a jumpy fool. I took a deeper breath and began



setting up the easel to catch the clear afternoon sun coming through the windows.

All the while keeping an eye on the canvas.

I couldn't be certain, but I could have sworn that the rippling had been so real to move the canvas; the angle of the frame seemed less secure than I would have left artwork. Almost as if, had I not entered when I did, the canvas would have moved a little more to the right and toppled over from where it was propped.

Which, I decided, was ludicrous and an effect of being out in the sun for the last 5 hours. Eyestrain from squinting against the glare of the sun reflecting off of my tools and the ground itself had created the rippling effect due to the changing light and dark patterns thrown by the window frame. I picked up the canvas and set it on the easel, and returned a moment later with my paints. Walking in the room this time, I kept my eyes carefully relaxed and focused on the landscape. Nothing.

Not that I expected anything.

I mixed up paints, going with standard colors and some that brought themselves to my attention, and then standing in front of the start of a landscape, I relaxed and looked at it for what

it wanted to be. I had begun it with just a horizon, some sky and the hint of some sort of foliage in the left that seemed to creep towards the distance horizon. I had thought it was some sort of flowering vine, but that was not the feeling I was getting from it now.

In fact, now it seemed that I *knew* what it wanted to be, and I began to paint with a fervor I had not felt in months. The skyline was pulled up on the left, the sky lightened lightened lightened to a pale hint of blue that suggested a dry climate. In fact, the hint of foliage was becoming something that resembled a desert plant, blackened and wizened, that I had no name for, and the landscape took on an arid appearance. Dunes grew up, turf cracked into a hot plain and hopeful plants were flattened into dried wood, twisted and cracked by the fierce white sun.

No, not sun. Suns.

A second satellite sun appeared. Stepping back for a moment, uncertain about this aspect of the landscape and to rub my wrist, I gazed outside and was surprised at the length of the shadows that now crossed the yard. Looking back at the landscape, I added a very faint reddish cast to the smaller sun.

In the closet, a painting was beginning to smile. The drape rustled slightly and then subsided.

I added more detail to the sinewy plants on the left, twisting them onto themselves and giving them the appearance of a hungry old woman, sitting and watching and waiting. Darkening the horizon gave the landscape the feel of an approaching storm, even though the sky above it was empty of clouds. Pausing again, I felt that changing or adding to it would alter the painting somehow and ruin the feel of the alien landscape. I stood back and looked at it as a whole.

I think this is right. Hard sand that stings when it gets picked up by the wind, twisted wood that burns so quickly and hotly that it is almost dangerous to use for firewood, that twisted plant there has both medicinal and poisonous properties if you know how to prepare it. The double suns revolve around each other as the planet revolves around them...How do I know that? It doesn't feel like I'm making it up...

I shook the feeling off, and dipped a clean brush into the black ink. Only one thing was missing. With a few strokes, I added my signature to the bottom of the painting.



Time

Charles Joseph

Time can heal anything
Can destroy any object
Can fulfill any destiny
And can walk through any valley
Discipline, courage, strength, fulfillment
These things are part of time
And forever will be the concept of great men
Time is a battlefield of lovers
And the cocoon for the poor and helpless
It brings together all things with love
And time,
though a small word and an endless concept
Can be used for all purposes
Given any human heart and desire

Two Hearts Pounding

Jonathan Riordan

Life,
Yes, it is a very precious thing.
And to how life is spit out
I think of our God, the Almighty King.

Deoxyribonucleic acid, the genes break into two
Generation meets a generation
And a little zygote
Starts its way to becoming you.

Unimaginable how our evolution has taken
Nine months to make a complex *Homo sapien*.
The intelligence, the beauty in a giant leap
All in little time, which your mother, knowingly has part-taken.

The nine-month nursery, in mother's womb.
Duo of hearts pound in your mother's own private orchestra hall.
Two minds dwell.
As the growing child, begins to bloom.

A child inside a human!
What a wondrous thing.
All the nourishment,
Coming from your mother's umbilical string.

See all these factors
You must finally see
God was there, and took us out
From dust to bone, put wind into the soul.

Listen to the child beat and grow
See the lights in the womb
Two hearts are inquiring from miracles.
Mother's voice singing to the soothed child's idle breath of life.



Painting by Patrick Giles

Monday Night Fondue

Trey Lyles

My wife said it would be a hit.

"The guys will love this!"

My silence was a sign.

"Sure?" I wasn't

"Positive - it will be different. They'll be talking about it for ages."

She kissed me goodbye, on the cheek, my left, and I cradled her fondue kit underneath my right arm and held the fruit platter in the crook of my other. I had it all: the burner, the little holder, four little prongs to dip and ooh and ahh with; the whole package. I had to be careful, as I made my way from door to car over the rough terrain of driveway, lest I spill the mixture of goodness and chocolate all over the concrete.

Well, it smelled good; I think.

The truth is, was, I really had no idea what I was holding in my arms and I really didn't know what the guys would think about this, this dessert? My wife, God bless her kind soul, told me she was making something for Monday night poker and football. Now, I love my wife, I love her cooking, and I love not having to make or come up with someone to take on Monday nights. So, of course, I kissed her on the cheek and said, "Sounds great,

honey, sounds great."

She worked pretty hard on this thing I was holding in my arms. We had never had it before, or maybe she had, but she had never made it for me, and I really didn't know what went into making fondue, but I knew she worked for several hours getting the texture and the consistency right. Well, that's what she told me anyways. At first I was expecting homemade buffalo wings or trail mix with M&M's and raisins. Raisins. Delicious. Part of me thought she would whip up a cheese ball, slap a case in my hands, and say, "make momma proud!" as I walked out the door. As you can tell, none of that happened.

I pulled up to Bob Jensen's driveway at a few minutes past eight, carefully, or a rich, molten river of chocolate would flow across the seats and down onto the floor carpeting in a thick, gooey waterfall.

"Can you give me a hand, over here?"

Bob meandered out of his house and over to my car.

"Sure, Bill, what can, I do?"

"The fruit tray is in the back."

Who the hell brings a fruit tray to poker and football?

"The one with all the strawberries

and cantaloupes?"

"Yep - come on, the fondue is starting to get cold."

Fondue? What happened to chicken wings?

I was one of the last to arrive, much to my chagrin. Looking back it would have been better had I been one of the first and then it wouldn't have been as awkward. But I wasn't, and well, we have to live with our sins. Teddy Jacobs had a slight look of shock on his face as did Bill Meyers, Fred Smith, and Lee Daniels. Todd Walker didn't say anything, neither did John Phillips. I guess they hadn't heard of fondue either.

After I set up the burner and the holder and got everything going, it took a while, a long while, before any of the guys ventured over to taste the chocolate goodness erupting out of the container.

Ok, I had to taste it first. I got a big plate of strawberries and cantaloupe, dipped them all in the chocolate and resumed my place at the poker table. Todd followed, then the other Bill, and Fred, and John, and eventually everyone had a little slice of fondue in front of them, right next to their growing mound of poker chips. And I thought I was

saved.

The whispers started the next morning.

"Could you believe it?"

"...and the fruit..."

"...little prongs..."

"...priceless."

I could hear them by the coffeepot, grown men in low tones, with their heads near one another. I could hear the little school children hiding in their throats and giggling at me. And then one of them would sneak a pointed finger or cast a thumb at me.

It didn't get any better as

the day went on; I was now "fondue boy" and much less of a man. People started leaving strawberries on my desk, in my drawers, on my office window, in my mailbox, everywhere I turned strawberries turned to greet me. Little prongs waited for me when I came back from lunch, hanging on my door, sitting in my chair, lying against my Dictaphone, reclining against my computer. My secretary waved at me with one as I walked in the door.

"Yoo-hoo, Mr. Jacobs, call on line 1! Urgent!"

I was the office joke, the clown, the outcast, the Quasimodo that walked among them - and for what, chocolate and strawberries? Yes, for chocolate and strawberries. And yet, I had no excuses, nothing to stem the tide of insults and jeering, nothing at all to hold them back. I, I who had followed my sweet, oh so sweet, wife's suggestion was now lower than the low, lower than the intern and the slutty secretary, lower than the mail boy and the boss. Despised and spit upon. Damn them all.



Photo by Simpson Purcell



In Memoriam: Clyde
Obit MMIII

John F. Marsella

The dust from which all flesh first comes
On which my beloved friend stepped,
Stalked mice, played, fought, scratched, ate, and slept
Has called her feline child back from

His four years spent in residence
In Hyde Park, Dothan, and Auburn.
Cat, your human must slowly learn
To live without your pawed presence.

Though you were never rightly laid
To rest beneath the dewy grass
Where grievous friends could give their last,
We can still think of purrs you made

When you dreamed, or supped until fat,
Or kneaded soft paws in our laps
Or when we scratched your ears, perhaps.
Clyde, you are missed, black fuzzy cat.

Opposite photo by Blake Gordon



OUR NEW LOOK

As you have flipped through the pages of this issue of *The Auburn Circle*, you have probably wondered what is going on with these bullseyes. The simple answer is that these targets are a part of the *Circle*'s new look. This year the staff and I decided that the *Circle* needed some refreshing. This new look is born out of a desire to incorporate visually intriguing images into our effort to represent the talents of Auburn's students, alumni, faculty and staff. We take pride in being the forum for your creativity, and we hope that our new look will help you take pride in *The Auburn Circle*.

Kia Powell, Editor-in-Chief



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks to Auburn University faculty and staff for your support of
The Auburn Circle.

Tamara Bowden.....Student Affairs
William Dale Harrison.....Communications
Nancy McDaniel.....Student Affairs
Carl Leon Ross.....Foy Union Staff
English Department.....Liberal Arts

Special note to all artists and photographers:

Images submitted on CD or by e-mail MUST have a resolution of at least 300 dpi. This is the resolution required for printing clear images. Images with lower resolution print poorly.

If you submitted art or photography on CD or via e-mail and didn't see it in this issue, the resolution may have been too low.

To set your resolution as 300 dpi:

On a digital camera, change the setting BEFORE you take the picture. To be safe, set your digital camera to take the highest quality images. When scanning in images, set the resolution on your scanning software BEFORE you scan the image. If you aren't sure how to do this, let us help you! Give us a call at 334) 844-4122. We can also scan or digitally photograph your images for you.

SUBMIT



NEW ISSUE COMING
NOVEMBER

THE
AUBURN CIRCLE
ART/PHOTOGRAPHY/POETRY/DESIGN/FICTION/NON-FICTION

ACIRCLE@AUBURN.EDU
334.844.4122

CHECK US OUT @

WWW.AUBURN.EDU/CIRCLE

